THE COMMONWEAL

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A THING OF FAERIE

WE HAVE it on the authority of Mr. Ernest Weekley that "imp" used to connote the same kind of sober hopefulness as the word "scion." And though the present use of the term appears to have its origin in ecclesiastical diction, it is not wholly fatuous to suppose that popular impressions of youth's folly may have had much to do with the change. Recently, for instance, we have all been so startled at the emancipations of the young that a varietry of more or less picturesque terms exist to describe the audacious rising generation. Academia itself, which can be supposed to possess some experience in the matter, has been busy wondering whether its recipes and regimen may not be somewhat inadequate. Then suddenly a young man flies bravely to Europe in an humble plane, is feted with singular splendor in the most sophisticated of cities, and returns to receive several avalanches of applause from his countrymen for being the "great American boy." And even if one may not be prepared to accept the dictum that aviation is quite the noblest enterprise to which a young man could dedicate himself, one is ready to affirm to the fullest the enthusiastic popular appreciation of Colonel Lindbergh's simplicity and poise, daring and common sense. Perhaps it is because we have become so accustomed to dissociating these qualities from modern young people that we have gone wild with astonishment at seeing them plainly manifested in the day's hero.

This custom, however, is the outcome of a serious mistake. It is time for somebody to risk the declaration that current snapshots of modern youth are grotesque—that if there be any notable spiritual phenomenon visible throughout the modern world, it is the appearance of an unusual vitality in the younger generation. No thoughtful Frenchman reading Agathon's report concerning this generation could fail to notice how sharply it contrasts with the positivistic egoism which characterized the development of the earlier intellectuals of whom Prosper Mérimée and Alfred de Musset were representative instances. He could not but feel that these hardly grown men, upon whose shoulders the almost infinite burden of the "four years" lay, were directed also in private life to nobler purposes and more transcendent concerns. Similarly one might say, while remaining fully conscious of how meagre statistical information regarding the matter is, that the young people of the United States have been stirred by several fateful salutary visions. The heyday of what is called "atheism" in higher institutions of learning is certainly not contemporary; it passed a dozen years ago, when the fullest pressure was exerted upon philosophical study by newly propounded

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archaeological evidences of evolution, by a monism which seemed to have the support of science, and by a prevailing tendency to see in Revelation a dead literary deposit, like Greek drama or Roman verse. Since that time many have experienced at least the pragmatic effects of agnosticism and of religion. There is no doubting, for instance, the intensification of spiritual practice in Catholic circles. Thousands of growing men and women, who may not be able to adduce convincing intellectual evidences for their faith, have demonstrated its practical value to their complete satisfaction. One might go on to say that in allied fields the same renascent trust in "practical spiritual results" has been made manifest. One is constantly surprised to find how many youngsters have somehow drunk deep of traditional beauty, coming to know the mediaeval glory and the aristocratic Greek perfection with an enthusiastic thoroughness which does not characterize persons who have abandoned themselves utterly to pleasure and profit-taking.

To some extent, these facts represent good work on the part of institutions. Probably, however, they are primarily imposed by certain qualities in the time itself. Varied explorations have enlarged the common mastery of universal forces: to the old victories over drought and timidity there are now added the myriad conquests of electricity and steam, of distance and linguistic barriers. All these triumphs mean that humanity is more energetic than it has ever before been, and energy seeks tasks to accomplish. May one not legitimately feel, therefore, that the supreme effort of exploration—the finding of God—has also naturally and spontaneously appealed to a great number of people? Is it not likely that lesser voyages of the spirit, into the secret places of art and philosophy, for instance, have been undertaken with new enthusiasm? Certainly there is no such "irrepressible conflict" between progress in the realm of physics and advancement in the kingdom of the spirit as is commonly supposed. The Scriptures record an express Divine command to subdue the earth. The daring hypotheses of science, upon which every new victory is based, are great flights of reason and speculation, not spells of grubbing in "matter." For a time men may be myopic spectators of their mechanical triumphs. But when they are truly alive, they do not rest content with mere complacent spectatorship.

One may suppose, therefore, that the real conflict between education and modern youth is a failure on the part of older academia to estimate accurately and to direct properly the force of which the younger generation is so conscious. A hundred explosions of energy are set down as rebellions. The demand for "practical teaching" is misinterpreted as a desire for those things only which will turn a callow stripling into an impressive taxpayer. Teaching of art, religion and philosophy recedes a little sadly but nevertheless primly from the struggle, turning over more and more of time and space to the discipline of "go-getting." It feels that its carefully amassed treasures are not appreciated. Its territory, in so far as the average traveler in education is concerned, remains a land of Prester John, where there is fruit no man dare eat. And all the time it does not see that its world has become like a herbarium, wherein everything is neatly ticketed and quite respectably sterilized—wherein everything exists excepting life and a hale invitation to energy.

We feel that this cultural world is nevertheless the very place which modernity is eager to reach, hungry as it is for the "thing of faerie" which everlastingly beckons the soul. Only we must realize that the "practical test" upon which young people are insisting is simply the old demand that the something offered prove assimilable, transmutable into substance feeding life. It is precisely because the arts and philosophies have dodged this challenge that such large numbers have passed them by. It is precisely in so far as religion has accepted the test and undertaken to prove the incomparable value of its truths re-reckoned in terms of living, that spiritual renascence has manifested itself. Why should there not be, in all the humanistic sciences, a governing assumption that creative accomplishment of every kind is an approximation to the real art of life? How strange that we should read the Greek dramatists, for instance, as if they were illustrators of philology or makers of occasionally useful quotations! For the young Athenians whom Plato and Aristotle assembled in their educational institutions, these dramatists were great revealers of the mysteries of personality and destiny. How is it that the tentative explanations of the universe offered by physical science now enthrall so many, while the still more luminous intuitions of the arts go by almost unnoticed?

The reason is surely that the "ministers of culture" have not been vigorously determined to spread their own glad tidings. For this failure they cannot plead the indifference of young people, because these display to all who are interested in looking an extraordinary alertness to, an almost unparalleled readiness to be concerned with, reality. If there be any cause for academia's failure to impress the rising generation, it is simply inability to grasp this generation's principle of action. An age comfortably content cannot easily become the master of another which dreams of path-finding through the empyrean. After all, the machines by which courage and achievement are demonstrated need imagination for their understanding quite as much as works of art do. And it so happens that we no longer realize precisely what imagination is, possessing as we do a fondness for attending to those aspects of humanism which can be weighed and measured, ticketed and catalogued. Some day we must find out again, for instance, that the reading of many books by a young man is not nearly so important as the fact that this young man has been completely made over by the effect of some one book. Then there will be new enthusiastic parades into the libraries, and, perhaps, a momentary hush on the athletic field.

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WEEK BY WEEK

MR. COOLIDGE has gone to South Dakota; Mr. Frank O. Lowden has apparently come East. "The Lowden for President Association, Inc.," announces to New Yorkers that the doughty ex-governor is looking for some Atlantic seaboard support in his designs upon the presidential nomination. Having summoned the strength of the Middle-West, where Republicanism is a tradition, he is in a position to announce a program of salvation. This insists, first of all, upon agrarian relief of a sort that really seems intelligent and promising, even if the details have not yet been made clear and all slips between theory and practice have not been allowed for. Mr. Lowden advocates a Federal Farm Board authorized to organize and supervise coöperative marketing. This, he maintains, would not involve price-fixing, but would, by designating how the surplus might be controlled, remedy the present chaotic situation in which the farmer is actually penalized for raising a bumper crop. Agrarian relief is a strong card, but Mr. Lowden has still others up his sleeve. On the subject of anti-imperialism he is not very convincing, in view of the fact that the Coolidge administration has obviously not been very imperialistic; but the third-term theme is a reliable recipe for eloquence. There is no doubt that whatever trout-fishing in the Black Hills may do to aid the President's cause, the fish themselves cannot be induced to overlook altogether the fact that he has seen two terms in office. Nevertheless, if ever a moment existed when the American people might be willing to concede that the tradition implies two full terms, it is now. The nation is indulgent toward Mr. Coolidge. If he can return with a satisfactory solution of the farm problem in his pocket, the Lowden insurrection may be smothered in a Coolidge boom.

HISTORIANS of the liberal school, a group neither so numerous nor so complacent as was the case forty or fifty years ago, seldom failed, when they wished to draw the approved picture of the middle-ages as an epoch of darkness and depressed human rights, to make some mention of the large class known to law as "adscripti glebae," in other words, tillers of the soil, who were bound to pursue their hereditary vocation regardless of any personal likes or dislikes for dirt farming. It is interesting to see, coming from a quarter whence it would be least expected, a tendency to revert to what looks very like a system of serfdom "new style." The Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, so we are told in a despatch in the usually well-informed Osservatore Romano, is considering measures of expulsion from Canada against immigrants from Europe admitted on the understanding that they were to "go upon the land," so soon as they show signs of preferring other methods of making a livelihood.

"THE department," we are told, "has noted that the greater part of these immigrants bluntly refuse to take up farming at all, and look for jobs upon such things as railroad construction, this even when the railroad companies have granted them reduced fares on the understanding that they should go to work upon the soil." Lacking precise information upon farm conditions in the more remote districts of Canada in this year of grace, we are not in a position to say how far these recalcitrant peasants from Europe are guilty of breach of contract. But with some knowledge of the inducements held out by immigration agents, and their average relation to reality, we incline to think not. We believe the Canadian difficulty is only a premonitory symptom of a problem with which generations unborn (we like to think they will not be ours) are pretty sure to find themselves presented. An industrialized society that believes it can be fed indefinitely upon what might be termed vocational lines is due for a series of unpleasant surprises.

CHRISTIANITY has been often advised that it is "fighting its last battle." Hence it causes no surprise to find Dr. Hu Shih, dean of Peking National University, in the current number of the religiously minded Forum, giving release to a little of the resentment natural to a patriotic citizen of the celestial republic just now, by pointing out certain flaws and disreputable features in popular religion as practised in America which convince him that missionaries to his own country would be better employed at home helping pump the leaky structure. "To us born heathens," says Dr. Shih sarcastically, "it is a strange sight, indeed, to see Billy Sunday and Aimeé McPherson hailed and pat-

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ronized in an age whose acknowledged prophets are Darwin and Pasteur. The religion of Elmer Gantry and Sharon Falconer must sooner or later make all thinking people feel ashamed to call themselves 'Christians.'" The Chinese dean has made his point and no one will begrudge it him, in spite of an amused smile inevitable at finding Mr. Sinclair Lewis's Corona indicated as the engine predestined from all time to deal the coup de grace to belief. Meantime the attention of the Doctor, presumably a man of erudition and versed in the study of popular religious aberrations, need only be invited, when things have quieted down a bit, to certain strange contrasts observable in his own country. He can then ask himself whether the antics of Sunday and of our two revival headliners, Aimeé and Uldine, may not bear about the same relation to genuine religion as the joss-sticks of Taoism to the doctrines of the imperturbable Gautama.

IN SPEAKING at Brown University, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wisely drew attention to the financial lasso with which many institutions of higher learning have practically been strangled. Students in attendance at privately conducted colleges and universities actually pay a little less than half of what it costs to educate them; the balance is supplied by the income from endowments and by available gifts. Consequently the institutions must conduct a never-ceasing campaign for funds to meet current expenses. This campaign injures scholastic enterprise in three ways: it makes wealthy donors, normally unfamiliar with the business of education, assume an importance to which they are not genuinely entitled; it creates an atmosphere of advertising which attracts to the campus hordes of the same kind of unfit as swarm to parades in honor of celebrities; and it seldom leaves the school time to grow inwardly at anything like the same pace at which it develops outwardly.

MR. ROCKEFELLER indicates one method of escape. Let the student pay a larger share of what it costs to educate him. In other words, raise tuition fees. If this be a burden, let us remember that many upon whom it will fall think of college life in the same terms as they think of a yacht club or a summer resort. Should they still care for it at a higher figure, the institutions they patronize will, at least, not be pauperized by them. Worthy poor students may then be taken care of through scholarships—the only sensible way out of the tangle. Mr. Rockefeller is not blind to the circumstance that such a decision on the part of private institutions might have the effect of sending more applicants to state schools. But even these cannot, in the long run, count upon the readiness of heavily taxed commonwealths to raise huge sums.

WE HAVE said that the current practice of seeking gifts above all else makes the institution more subservient to givers than ought to be the case. In general, the opinions of wealthy and successful men are not harmful to the college. These involve practical experience, much rugged common sense, and a certain indispensable element of conservatism. Nevertheless they may easily come to be the recipients of a lot of incense which is mere dishonest camouflage and which signifies a decadent academic morale. The point may be glimpsed by considering very carefully the lists of honorary degrees conferred during the year. Such degrees have meaning only when they assert that the individuals honored have done work outside of college which is to some extent equivalent to good work done inside of college. Often enough an industrial magnate or a banker serves the community in ways that deserve recognition. But when one confronts the news of college commencements in which the first place is occupied by doctorates conferred honoris causa upon a series of aldermen and sausage manufacturers, one can guess fairly accurately that the explanation is not really service but "contributions." How can any school expect its students to interest themselves in scholarship, scientific research or the genuinely academic professions when the men it applauds, year in and year out, have no other title to greatness than the fact that their signature on "the dotted line" is authentic and dependable? Furthermore—and this is a matter of some moment—what is the value of honors through which even the unsophisticated can see without the aid of any artificial light?

THE triumph of Colonel Lindbergh as an air-pilot, following so closely upon the successes of Captain Amundsen, has naturally led to talk of Norse blood and Viking bravery. Almost at the same time there appears the less sensational but equally important news that Sigrid Undset's trilogy of mediaeval life, which the whole literary world acclaims one of the masterpieces of our era, has been issued in a new popular American edition. No books reveal more clearly the renascent power of Catholicism in the Norse countries, or draw more appealing attention to the relations between English-speaking peoples and the Scandinavians. It will be remembered that Pope Adrian VI (Nicholas Breakspeare) is the only Englishman in the long list of those who have ruled the Church as Popes. Nevertheless his memory has been reverenced particularly in the North, because of his activity there during a time nearly contemporary with that described in the Undset novels. Many facts regarding this activity are set forth in an article recently contributed to The Living Church by Reverend Albert Nicolay Gilbertson.

IT APPEARS that the year 1152 is referred to in Norwegian saga and legend as "the year in which Nicholas the Cardinal came to Norway." Prior to that time, the Norwegian Church had been under the rule of a foreign hierarchy. Nicholas, cardinal and bishop of Albano, came to place the country directly under Rome, thus conceding to it a dignity equal to

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that possessed by the other realms of Christendom. The archbishop he consecrated had jurisdiction also over Iceland, Greenland and many islands round about England and Scotland. "Shortly after Cardinal Breakspeare's return to Rome," our informant remarks, "and largely on account of his success in the North, he was elected to the Papacy. Of him the great Icelandic historian of the thirteenth century, Snorri Sturluson, wrote in his Sagas of the Kings of Norway: 'There never came a foreigner to Norway whom all men respected so highly, or who could govern the people so well as he did. After some time he returned to the South with many friendly presents, and declared ever afterward that he was the greatest friend of the people of Norway. . . . According to the report of men who went to Rome when he was Pope, he had never any business, however important, to settle with other people but he would break it off to speak with the Norsemen who desired to see him." It is well to remember such simple and salutary details, too easily overlooked by students of history.

THE twentieth anniversary of the death of Joris Karl Huysmans has been observed in Paris and elsewhere with an acclaim which proves that the man who brought a style developed in the school of naturalism to the Church through the door of conversion has not been forgotten. Two freshly printed volumes, one a collection of papers hitherto unpublished and the other virtually a bibliography, even seem to prove that the man's reputation is growing. Quite naturally our conception of Huysmans differs from the idea of him which was passed round among his contemporaries. They smarted too keenly from brushes with his vitriolic bristles to concede that he had earned the virtue of charity; they were still too close to his sins to feel convinced of his virtue. Today what was merely whimsical and autocratic in Huysmans's temperament is accepted with something of the same generous good humor that qualifies reminiscence of Doctor Johnson, and the great virtues of the man's apostolate remain impressive. No other modern writer has treated liturgy so feelingly, luminously. Though much he said about the Cathedral of Chartres is now repudiated by ecclesiastical science, the book retains its power to reveal the purpose and spirit of the magnificent mystical structure. We now recognize also that the record of his conversion, though wholly subjective in character, is a genuine description of how the light of the Faith, breaking into a heart that has been content with darkness, is almost blindingly glorious. Huysmans has done incalculable good. He will continue to do more.

"IN VIEW of the rising tide of fundamentalism in the Protestant churches of America, it is important to note that a certain number of priests in the Roman Catholic Church have conducted important researches in various branches of natural science without interference from the ecclesiastical authorities." Thus reads the leading scientific paper in Great Britain—Nature—in a leaderette based on an article by Dr. J. J. Walsh. The editorial further, in rather patronizing language, remarks on the fact that Professor Osborne of the Natural History Museum in New York has, in a recent article in The Forum, named a dozen priests who have done great service in prehistoric archaeology; and alludes to the circumstance that he has "actually dedicated" one of his books—Men of the Old Stone Age—to two priests, Abbé Breuil and Father Obermaier. These two dedicatees, as Nature might have gone on to say, are today the leading exponents of the very progressive science of prehistoric archaeology, practically founded by another priest, Father McEnery. The naïveté of the observation that these priests were not interfered with by their ecclesiastical superiors is quite in keeping with the ignorance of the contributions of Catholic churchmen to science which prevails outside our body—indeed, it is to be feared, inside it, too. Still one is glad to find ideas penetrating even into the most unlikely corners, and hence congratulates Dr. Walsh that, after years of "pegging away" at this matter, he can now say, with the schoolmaster in Stalky and Co., "After all some of it does stick."

THE vivid and colorful author who used the pen-name of O. Henry once wrote a detective story, the basis of which was a theory, apparently his own, that the man who is over-considerate of the feelings of dogs and horses is likely to be less than considerate of those of human beings. It is not supporting Mr. Porter's speculation to see in the large number of dog lovers who always resent regulations designed to sacrifice the comfort and liberty of their dumb companions for the sake of the unbitten community a rather refracted view of values. At a hearing held recently at Boston upon safeguards against the communication of rabies, Dr. George G. Bigelow, who is State Commissioner of Public Health, drew attention to this twisted mentality and read an article from the Shepherd Dog (apparently an organ devoted to kennel interests) which was in effect a plea against any precautions at all. The feeling aroused by the discussion grew so warm that a certain Benjamin F. Earle of Quincy is reported to have made the sporting offer to allow himself to be bitten by a dog reputed mad in order to prove that doctors and veterinarians are all in the wrong. The custom of keeping dogs at all as pets is too easily assumed to be an indescriptible right. Just now, when the fashion that governs such things is prescribing large animals as household pets who are not always as distinguishable from wolves either in appearance or behavior as a timid neighbor might wish, and the boast of whose owners is that they are "one-man dogs," does not strike us as the perfect moment for objecting to regulations that are designed for the protection of human beings, and more especially children, against a sudden reversion to original instinct.

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THE NEW CRISIS

WHEN all allowances are made for the reserve necessary in accepting Russian intelligence, especially that coming through Riga, which has a bad reputation as a centre for the dissemination of colored news, the outbreak of another Red Terror, after some years of comparative quiescence, was disheartening in the extreme. Those few who care enough about history to apply the lessons of the past to the present, will inevitably be reminded of the grim days during which the French republic and Directory was fighting for its life, when every abortive conspiracy or expedition with England or Germany as its base was followed by fresh activities of the firing squad in Brittany or upon the plain of Grenelle. The parallel with the French Revolution, that fruitful mother of wars, is heightened by two later reports—one, that the British government has asked the Reich for "an exchange of views" on the question of permitting the passage of troops (presumably British) through its territory in the event of a break, and another, that Mussolini has been advised, also from London, that the time "is not opportune" for side-shows in the Balkans. Unless signs only too familiar to Europe are belying themselves, or unless some diplomatic antidote, drawn from the terrible harvest of August, 1914, is to be counted upon at the supreme moment, it is no exaggeration to say that Europe seemed to stand nearer war last week than at any period since 1920.

The main responsibility for this recurrent peril and insecurity lies, of course, at the door of the Soviet government. It has now been in power ten years. Through famine, repression and misery unspeakable, of which Europe knows only a tithe, it has hardened into a system which the vast majority of Russians either accept or endure. Had its energies stopped here, no more danger for the world outside would be present than is always latent when any considerable section falls away from the community of nations. But, again like the first French republic before it, only more persistently and flagrantly, it has erected its conception of government into a human evangel, and has claimed to be the natural spokesman and ally of every country that finds itself threatened by imperialism, and every social category upon which economic fact is pressing hardly. Powerless to translate its sympathy into overt act, it has flooded the world with propaganda whose only result has been to put fresh weapons into the hands of exploitation and reaction. The situation has grown to be intolerable, and most of all intolerable to the liberal thought which its support is misrepresenting and slandering.

On the other hand, it is impossible to hold Great Britain, with its imperial preoccupations, altogether guiltless for this recrudescence of barbarism and the prospect of a new Armageddon that follows in its train. The theory that Mr. Winston Churchill, whose aim on the morrow of war was openly a reconquest of Russia for czarism, still dreams of a lineup of powers that shall encircle and stifle Sovietism, may be inexact, though it seems to be taken into consideration by some statesmen at Geneva. More important in its power to inflame and envenom opinion in Russia has been the manner of the raid in London, and the tone of all the discussion that has followed it.

Details published in a recent number of the New York Nation, and buttressed by depositions of several Arcos officials, go far to explain the painful impression created in so many English quarters, an impression shared, it may be noted, by magazines so little inclined to the Bolshevist view as the weekly edited by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and the Dublin Irish Statesman. The theory that all Russians (like all Thebans of old) are liars may dispose of the stories of beating and gagging and searching of women employees by police that are sworn to by the staff of Arcos. They do not dispose of the conundrum presented by Mr. Locker Lampson, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who on June 23, 1926, informed the House of Commons that the chairman of the Soviet Trade Delegation enjoyed diplomatic immunity, and on May 16, 1927, after the raid, informed it that he did not. Not only is the abrupt action for which an adventurous triumvirate in the British Cabinet seem to have been given a free hand unprecedented in international relations. The tone of those responsible is one which has not hitherto been used even between countries openly at war when some cartel restored momentary communication. It is filled with the "contempt" which Lord Bacon has told us must be left out of any quarrel if it is to be solved without recourse to violence. "Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Joynson Hicks," said a recent editorial in the Irish Statesman, pleading for more decent language in diplomatic messages, "speak about Soviet statesmen in exactly the same tone that they would refer to some rascal in their own country. . . . There is in every nation a sentiment common to all parties in it, however divided, which expects a certain deference and courtesy from other nations in regard to the head of their state." This is moderate and dispassionate reproof. One may loathe everything connected with the outlawed rule of the Soviets, and yet approve its timeliness.

Such a joint note from the powers to Russia as recently suggested, insisting that the activities of the Soviet government be dissociated once and for all from those of the Third International, might, before it is too late, ease the situation, if only by taking it out of the hands of the British Home and Foreign offices on the one side and the Tcheka on the other. Unless this happens, only two alternatives remain—battalions on the march, or a continued brawl carried on between two great peoples who cannot get at one another's throats, over hecatombs of political prisoners in Russia and assassinated Soviet agents in Switzerland and Poland, with consequences that one does not need to be the seventh son of a seventh son to prophesy.

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THE MODERN UNIVERSITY

By EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK

GENERAL misunderstanding exists as to what a university is, despite the fact that it is of the very warp and woof of our social economy. To some it is just an institution to educate high-school graduates; to others it is campus, or enrollment, or buildings; to still others it is an institution of learning, and learning is some mystic thing, they know not what. To those more closely associated with universities, it is charged with the trusteeship of culture; it is the instrument for educating the leaders of our democracy. To professors it is the means by which they may push forward the frontier of knowledge ever so little.

Surely the university is not campus. Columbia University, for example, is not that closely massed group of buildings on the top of Morningside Heights that commands a view of the Hudson even to Sleepy Hollow and looks down languidly on one of the great cities of the world. The University of Wisconsin is not merely those sandstone structures set upon a hill in the city of four lakes and stretching over a hundred acres of land. The university is not the buildings, not even library buildings, nor cathedral walks, nor willow drives, nor ivies planted on the campus.

The university is not the group of students that is here today and gone tomorrow. It is not 200 students nor 2,000 students nor even 10,000 students. The university is not those solemn men called professors who are the more permanent inhabitants of the university buildings and upon whom the whole burden of the intellectual duties of the university seems to rest so heavily. It is not anything quantitative at all, and yet to many people these concrete facts about the university are the university.

Just as there are those who cannot see beyond the physical plant of the university, there are still others who see in it merely an agency of social advancement —or even commercial advancement. Parents very frequently send their sons for some such reason. This motive is not any recent development, but has been characteristic of parents for many years. What Ruskin said so well in Sesame and Lilies is true today. To these parents:

> "The education befitting such a station in life"—this is the phrase, this is the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education "which shall keep a good coat on my son's back; which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in the establishment of a double-belled door to his own house—in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life; this we pray for on bent knees—and this is all we pray for."

Such people have failed to realize that the university is not for commercial advancement nor for "advancement in life" nor for social prestige. They have failed to realize the fundamental character of the university as an educational institution. Even in its elementary form, such a conception does not enter into their babbling about it.

Among the students there is the widest possible misunderstanding of the purpose of a university. To some it is athletics; to others it is "my frat" or "my sorority"; to still others it is a degree, a badge of social distinction. Students have gone out of universities without any interest in knowledge, with no quickened sense of the obligations of citizenship, without any development of their finer qualities, without having attained through the university itself a completer moral or spiritual enfranchisement. They hold, as happens more often than we think, "whole sciences on faith"; they have been spectators at physical, chemical, and biological experiments; they have acquired the nomenclature of learning; and that is all.

The juxtaposition of students and professors in what are called university classrooms does not make the university. It may be an utterly mechanical procedure. But wherever spirit grows by mysterious contact with spirit, there is the essence of the university idea; wherever thought kindles at the fire of thought, there is the university idea. This conception ought to permeate our whole educational system. It becomes strictly the university idea when it reaches the highest intellectual levels of the system. It is independent of campus, buildings and enrollment, and its physical embodiment may be a log with a student at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other—even the log is not entirely necessary.

This point of view has been very well expressed in a rather remarkable book, Interpretations and Forecasts, by Victor Branford:

> The essential functions of the university is to bring together for the transmission of experience and impulse, the sages of the passing and the picked youths of the coming generations. By the extent and fulness with which they establish these social contacts and thus transmit the wave of cumulative experience and idealist impulse—the real sources of moral and intellectual progress—the universities are to be judged.

And judged by this standard, many of the universities of the country will be found wanting. Their professors are not "sages" and their students are not "picked youths." To a surprising degree, indeed, the professors are mediocre people, with neither the love of knowledge nor the passion to make knowledge serve human ends. They are merely highbrowing around

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in an ultra-respectable job. As to students, large numbers of them are pouring into the universities annually. It seems unwise to attempt any sharp selection of the superior students on their entrance upon a college career—the process of selection should go on in the university itself. Our present processes of selection result in our present graduate students. Who will say that they are intellectually the strongest of their generation, or that they feel passionately the desire to serve their fellow-men unselfishly?

To the man in the street, and to the short-sighted politician pleading for popular support, the university is a gigantic institution, educating the sons of the wealthy, costing millions of dollars, and serving the people of the state in no obvious way. To both it is an aristocratic institution. And yet, both to the man in the street and to the politician, the university exercises a sway over the imagination that is coincident with bigness, greatness, and moral prestige. There is to these people most of the time a very real halo about the university. Their regret is, "If I had had but the opportunity, how much better off I should be!" Their determination is, "My children shall not be denied the opportunities I did not have. They shall have a university education," and then the pathetic non sequitur, "in order that they may not have to work as hard or as long or at such a dirty job as I do."

Any educational service that this average citizen thinks he wants for his community or his group, even though it isn't of college grade, is sought from the university. Problems of their community are confidently referred to the university, with the expectation that the return mail will have a solution. In a very real sense, they believe the university a centre which has taken "all knowledge to be its province."

So we find in our universities, through extension divisions, instructions of all levels of knowledge, from what the elementary school teaches to the most advanced courses. We find, in fact, from the very urgency of the democracies which frequently believe that the universities are aristocratic and merely intellectual instruments, the antidote to their belief. It is this very pressure from without that has resulted in the widest possible education to multitudes of people who have never been reached before through any part of the educational system. One of the great problems immediately confronting the American university is to utilize this contact with multitudes of people besides the resident full-time students, as an agency to transmit "the wave of cumulative experience and idealist impulse" more effectively and genuinely than our present haphazard efforts do.

As a teaching institution and as a part of the total educational resources of the community, the university is one with the rural schools. It continues the same function. It is carrying on the racial inheritance. In this sense, higher education is merely what a distinguished university president called it—"more education." But there are implications of this conception that no university wholly accepts. It is presumed by the academic mind that the peculiar sphere and function of the university is an esoteric learning; that its preoccupation should be with the organization of knowledge and the pushing forward of the frontier of knowledge. The conception of the university's function as merely "more education" would, to many of the administrators and professors, seem to fly in the face of all those processes of standardization and perfection of academic machinery so frequently lauded in contemporary discussion.

Yet provision must be made in every community for the conception of higher education merely as more education. It may be necessary, in order to meet this situation fully, to establish other educational institutions. But in any case, the university must be a place where any student can come for periods long or short, continuous or periodic, for the use of the library for study, for the use of the laboratory equipment for experiment, and for the benefit of inspiration, guidance and criticism by university professors. The establishment of various institutes of political, economic, and social research indicates a willingness of the university to undertake such work in special fields. It will in the future more and more recognize this function in industrial research. This type of organization may be carried over into the instruction of the regular students, and university instruction may be radically changed to a basis of tasks or problems to be solved rather than of courses to be taken.

It is in its social aspects that the university becomes sharply distinguished. However controlled, however financed, it is a public institution. It exists for a great public end—social improvement. It must serve the society which supports it and for the improvement rather than courses to be taken.

Service to society does not mean subserviency to the state, the political agency of society. The university must be independent of particular administrations, of politicians, and entirely free of "politics" as we use the word. Henry Adams defines politics as "the systematic organization of hatreds." It has nothing to do with these. They are alien, in our present political development, to the creative spirit and constructive purpose of the university. And yet, with politics in its proper meaning, that is, with public policy, it is profoundly concerned. The university exists that public policy may be enlightened, that its administrators may be skilled, and that the citizenship may be informed. It cares not what is the public issue; it announces the results of its investigations without reference to expediency, political "futures," or personal fortunes.

The university will accomplish its social purposes in part by becoming a radiating centre of the intellectual forces of society. However, it must be and do more than that. It must serve as an organization for the coöperation of the constructive intellectual forces in the society. It is not a time-serving institu-

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tion; it pursues the even tenor of its way; it is a long-time institution. It does its work, announces its results, is content, not in praise, but in its unfaltering devotion to its twin gods—truth and service. It cares not for false gods nor idols; it is the vestal virgin of society. The abomination of the university spirit is prejudice—every prejudice, racial, religious, national, personal. It divests itself of the adventitious, of the traditional, of the accidental, of the plausible. It would see truly, not darkly. It would, even as Plato, follow the argument whithersoever it led. Prejudice must give way before the university spirit.

There is no more malignant growth in our national life than prejudice. In politics this becomes the spirit of party which Washington long ago protested against, or it becomes what is worse, a faction of a party. It becomes tied up with the racial, economic and religious blocs. Public men are denied the opportunity of public service because of their independence or courage; or they are given public office because of their subserviency to organized economic interests or to the manipulators of politics, or because of their respectability, or because of catch-phrases—for any or every reason except their capacity to serve and their belief in social and industrial justice.

The university much furnish leadership, divested of all prejudice, and capable of diffusing generally the spirit of service, of merit, of disinterestedness, of investigation. The university must, through its own investigations and through the wide diffusion of its constructive research, influence mass opinion to make decisions in the light of the best available information and in a spirit of public service.

The relation of the university to the community of which it is part, has changed with social evolution. The older view is expressed in the historic antagonism between town and gown. That fortunately is past. The university is no longer a thing apart, a law unto itself and withdrawn from the vast concourse of mankind. It is no longer imperium in imperio. It is servant in the sense that Christ used the term—"The greatest among you shall be servant to you all." It is no longer self-sufficient, superior, esoteric, aristocratic; it is democratic; it is community-conscious; it finds its inspiration in present-day life and its opportunity for service in present-day needs.

This same idea may be viewed from another angle—the whole organized life of men becomes the educational institution. The university is the intelligence-centre utilizing all for a better education of youth and manhood and for service to society. In this conception, every office, every factory, every public utility, public service itself, is an educational opportunity for the university to utilize in training young men and women for service. The university is only a part, a fraction, a relation; the whole is life in all its complexity and confusion. The university has significance from this point of view only as it performs its function in giving higher meaning, social direction and ethical purpose to the whole contemporary life. Its research into the past is ultimately to enable us to understand the present—and to face the future.

As thus conceived, the university is not a completed thing; it is not a formalized thing—it is world-old and world-new. It is like the city of Camelot, always building but never built. And perhaps, like Camelot, it is a city built to music, therefore never built at all, and therefore built forever.

WHAT DOES EDUCATION EDUCATE?

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

WHEN, in an epistolary controversy about mental tests, I declared that I was trying to understand what tests really tested, my opponent countered with the recommendation that I find out what tests meant before I discussed them in public. Well, at that time I had read a score of articles and books on tests, and since then I have read other writers, but I still honestly, though reluctantly, confess that I have not arrived at a full understanding of the subject. Dr. Edward Lee Thorndike of Columbia University, one of the leaders in the test movement, gives me consolation in my ignorance. In the Encyclopaedia Britannica, thirteenth edition, under the heading, Intelligence Tests, Dr. Thorndike writes: "Just what the tests measure is not known; how far it is justifiable to treat the scores by ordinary arithmetic is not known; just what the scores signify concerning intelligence in general is in dispute."

If testers do not know what they test, it is not mere smartness to ask, What does education educate? Ever since Socrates started what a student called the first instance of the "third degree," and endeavored to bring ideas out of their nebulous state by giving clear-cut significance to popular words, definition has been the goal of all science. Education and what is educated are popular words that everyone uses, but few understand with a Newmanic realization. Their definition, as the definitions of all else, presupposes or initiates a philosophy. Let those, then, who are trying to keep heads steady amid the wild and whirling words of modern theorists put to educators the question of this paper and sift with Socratic persistence the philosophy or lack of it in the answers they evoke.

When you ask what is educated, you will find that the something within us which is the carrier of education receives in contemporary tests and treatises every name furnished by Roget's Thesaurus, with one notable exception. We are permitted to have powers,

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capacities, aptitudes, activities, abilities and what-not, but we are positively forbidden to have faculties. Herbart has ostracized the word, faculty, from all refined educational circles. His followers do not seem to have followed Herbart's complete philosophy, but they do accept this conclusion, not valid except on his philosophy, that there are no faculties. Yet an educationalist or a tester cannot possibly carry on without faculties, whatever he may call them, any more than a biologist can do without cells or a physicist without molecules, or a chemist without the ultimate elements of his science, though at the present writing it may not be certain just what precisely are the carriers of chemical phenomena. No one can possess an education or conceive of a science treating of it unless there is a carrier to sustain the habits which education engenders.

Many educational theorists give an entirely erroneous view of the teaching of traditional philosophy concerning faculties. Take a recent authority purporting to give that teaching: "The soul was fitted out with a number of ready-made faculties; thus a recollection was accounted for by referring it to the faculty of memory which produced it, and so on." (Encyclopaedia of Education: Monroe, Faculty.) Such a statement travesties the scholastic teaching on faculties. The article goes on to quote Saint Thomas without references, and hopelessly confounds "distinction" with "separation" and "spiritual" with "material." There was, it is true, a difference of opinion among the scholastics on the nature and distinction of faculties, but no one ever held that they were separated entities. The act and the power which carried the act were in the same class, and an act was not a substance, but an accident in the philosophical sense. Thus memory did not produce recollection, but the soul by the act of a power recalled the past, as man by the sight of his eyes sees a scene. (Sortais: Traite de Philosophie, 1:9; page 38.)

Neither did the scholastic philosophers go to the extremes of those whom Molière rightly ridicules because they made of every act an abstraction which they called a faculty. Monroe (l.c.) cites some moderns who go to the opposite extreme and hold that there is no general faculty, for example, of perception, but "faculties for perception of squares, circles, triangles, etc." Such opinions are often put forth today to justify the multiple and heterogeneous programs of vocationalism. All powers are specific in such a philosophy, and perhaps for Montessorians all powers are individual. "A tutor for every child and a specialist for every power," may be tomorrow's slogan.

The true teaching of faculties is based on the solid principle of causality, a principle without which there can be no science at all. Take a mass of wreckage which was once an automobile. There lies before you a multiplicity of diverse effects—scratches, bends, breaks, charrings, dust, reeking odors—a scrap-heap. Refer scratches to a scratcher, breaks to a breaker, dust to a triturator, and odors to a scent-giver, and you have not gone to causes, you have not philosophized at all. You have invented nouns to fit a number of abstractions and you deserve the ridicule of Molière's sleep-giver that gives sleep. But if you are a scientist, you will reduce all common effects to a common cause, and you will finally arrive, not at a name, but at a reality—at mass and velocity and gasoline and combustion of various substances and at other causes, some actual powers, others the acts of powers—all required for the total effect, each act or power incapable of further reduction, ultimate in its class, and distinct from the other causes. Thus, as a mechanic you account for the automobile wreck. As a physicist you might trace your cause still further.

Acting in a fashion analogous to that of the physicist, the psychologists attribute specially different effects to specifically different causes in man. These acts and powers are not separate, but mutually interactive, because man is one being. The powers are not "fictitious units" (Monroe, l.c.). They exist and act as gasoline exists and acts. Nor is gasoline fictitious for the one who does not know its chemical formula. Man acts as differently through his ultimate mental powers as he does through his eye and ear. Monroe's positive teaching that the faculties are "separate" (better, "distinct") "modes of activity or types of organization" is consonant with scholastic philosophy.

The educator need not soar to the metaphysics of faculties, nor dig down into their physiology and into their corporal accompaniments, although from both sciences he will accept what is helpful. A good dancer need not know whether he operates through mechanism or through vitalism, nor is he expected to know the anatomy of the feet or be able to number the bones and muscles and nerves, but he cannot very well do without feet. A dancer knows what is educated. His feet have the art of dancing, developed into an art through practice. His feet are educated.

There you have a simple philosophy which will stand the probings of Socrates and serve as a brief course in pedagogy for the sorely harassed modern. To impress habits upon faculties is the fundamental reason of all education. There are no schools called for to teach the blood to circulate. That is a specific work determined by nature. We contribute dispositions, not habits, to the blood stream. If every faculty were specific there need be no education. Nest-building is not a matter of education, but house-building is. If education and habits are convertible terms, then a controversy vexing moderns is at once settled. You train what you train and there is no transfer of training because habits do not leave the faculties in which they are developed. But do not be too quick to determine exactly what you are training. Man is one being in whom are operating many activities, and who shall say how many are exercised in one simple act!

The whole modern movement of tests has validity only on the supposition that the operation which is

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rated according to standard argues a habit rooted in a power. What could one conclude about the spot tomorrow from the photograph of one whirlpool today in the tossing waters of Niagara Falls? Just as operation means the perfection of anything because it implies a habit, so operation means also the perfecting of a thing because the act produces the habit. When the habit is formed and becomes automatic, education may have to be kept up, but it has attained its goal. Automatism comes quickly in trade habits, and that is why Newman denies the name of education to trades. He calls the learning of the largely automatic movements in trades "instruction," not education. Much more is that true today when machines form the largest part of trades. Vocational guidance is excellent, but vocational training conducted in schools is an unreal and exorbitant toy of but limited educational value. Don't play at a few trades in school but learn specific trades in the trades. Education means an equipment of flexible habits, general in application, not specialized to the easy automatism of a definite trade.

If education consists in operative habits impressed upon a faculty, teachers have in that succinct philosophy a full course in methods. Pupils are not capacious baskets for odds and ends of information, even though every bit of live information vitally imparted provokes some educational reaction; but pupils are assemblages of faculties waiting to be played upon and set vibrating to melodies whose enduring echoes are formed habits. The science teacher will look forward to the day when these faculties shall be trained to stop, look, listen, to weigh, to compare likenesses, and to detect causes, and finally to arrive at discovery, the joy and triumph of science. The teacher of literature will not remain forever at the study and analysis of a text or at its critical appreciation, but will vision minds, memories, judgments, imaginations, tastes of a class, all equipped with proper habits and functioning in what is the true goal of art and its delight, artistic creation. Finally, in the realm of morals, education does not consist in definitions. Morality lies in virtue, and virtue is an operative habit of the will, as art is an operative habit chiefly in the mind and education an operative habit everywhere. The right solution of the thorny problem of moral training is disclosed in our versatile formula. Personal leadership, the contagion of high example, the stirring revelation of noble lives, the constant, every-day and enveloping aura of religion in concrete manifestations, these are the inspiration and development of character—character, the panoply of a rightly functioning will.

Finally, this philosophy of habits gives us the best definition of that elusive term, culture. If the body functions properly, it has health, which is corporal culture. If the will functions properly, it has character, which is spirit culture. If the mind functions properly, there is mental culture. Good habits are the guarantee of all proper functioning. Education is, therefore, more of an art than a science. It fosters the formation of right habits and demands, as all art does, the highest ideals and the best exemplars of those ideals bequeathed to us by the past. The school for that reason must always present to its students, not the average, nor the contemporary, unless it excel, but the best, the classical in every department. Only the best of objects will ensure perfect functioning, and perfect functioning is, as I fancy you know by this time, the measure of being and the result of habit. That is a philosophy of education, exemplified in history and founded upon common sense, and from it you know what education educates and why.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS TODAY

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

GEORGE HERBERT PALMER, professor emeritus of philosophy at Harvard, has a striking essay in the April Atlantic Monthly on the junior college, which begins as follows:

> In the last ten years . . . our acadamies, seminaries, and even our high schools have been offering their graduates an additional two years of study of college grade, enabling them to enter college as juniors instead of as freshmen. . . . The movement . . . has become a torrent. The latest official figures I have seen give 375 junior colleges already established and an average increase of something like five a month.

It is Professor Palmer's thesis that this development, which appears to be a noteworthy movement to put us "on a genuine level with education abroad," would actually, if successful, blot out what he regards "as the precious distinction of the American university in contrast to the European." He continues:

> Hitherto, in America, rather more than half our college graduates have gone into business. A small group, chiefly in art and literature, gives itself up to the private pursuit of these tastes. The rest enter some one or the other of the professional schools, but no sharp line is drawn separating men of affairs from scholars. . . .
>
> In every city between the two oceans are men and women who, though not members of any profession, have, in passing through some college, acquired an interest in scholarly things and use their times of leisure for carrying this interest on. They are known as cultivated persons caring for much besides money-making; centres of civilization we may call them. . . . They are our true aristocrats, keeping our precious democracy wholesome. . . . America is the only country which has ventured to

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> interpose four years of cultural study between its day schools and its professional training. . . . It is plain, then, why the junior college, when fully established, must exterminate our scholarly amateur. . . . He will go directly from school to business and the glorious peculiarity of American education will disappear.

Another essay (I think it also appeared in the Atlantic some months ago) called attention to a peculiarity of American academic life which might well be considered in connection with Professor Palmer's thesis: the dual college life, the life of the classroom, not intensive, except in rare cases, and the very intense life centering about what are called campus activities—all that youthful social energizing which familiarizes the American youth with the existence he is to lead after graduation.

These are ideals, and to the extent that they are attained in American college life they are good. It is "mass production" idealized. It has successfully met our educational needs. I suggest, however, with the reserve of a non-professional—of a complete amateur, indeed, but one most interested in observing systems of education at home and abroad—that there is an underlying situation to which the junior college is applied as a remedy which is not alleviated by that remedy.

The point, as I see it, is that the principal problem of American education has been, in the past seventy years or so, to induct newcomers in very great numbers into the material advantages of a new world (not only a new country) and to add to their preparation to meet new conditions adequately those cultural adornments which should make of each a better citizen. The principal part of this burden has fallen on secondary educational institutions, and these, with all their gallant struggle, have done only what their inadequate numbers and limited human strength have permitted them to do. They have been overtaxed. The youth of the country goes on to college unfit for college. I suppose that no one familiar with college freshmen will contend that they come to college with awakened minds, except in rare and consoling cases. I suppose that no one will contend that they come with their mental digestion functioning. They come for the most part like the plumbers of the comic papers, with anything but the right tools, and with little knowledge of the use of the tools they have.

Moreover, parents who, with little opportunity for education, have been materially successful, want vaguely that the schools shall give their sons and daughters something better than they had, and will pay—as the vulgar saying goes—through the nose to get it for them; but they do not know what they want. They can be helpful, in their great majority, neither to the school nor to the scholar. The modern commuting parent does not know the son or daughter who is to carry on the world. Our living conditions do not permit intimate knowledge. Thereby an added burden is placed upon the already overburdened teacher. Parental responsibility is delegated which no parent has a right to delegate, no teacher has a right to claim or to accept.

The focus of the trouble lies in the unpreparedness of youth for the cultural life of college; it lies in secondary education. The answer lies, not in extending the subjects of study, but in the orderly assimilation of fundamentals, in the awakening of the youthful mind, in the practical training to use well those tools which lie nearest to hand.

It is a fair question whether this situation is not shared in some degree by Catholic schools. Their problem has been the same as that of all other American schools, with the added need to safeguard the induction of their graduates into the life of a new world offering endless material advantages, from loss of the Faith which, by rights, must be their principal objective. The reason for being of Catholic schools is first, thorough education in Catholic doctrine; second, the utilization of many centuries of educational tradition, in which, while method may change according to the needs of the locality and of the times, the underlying principle remains the same; unchanging, because, as we believe, it is based upon practical rules of life laid down by the Divine Founder of Christianity. In America the general methods of education for Catholics have followed the general methods of all other American schools. They have followed successfully, but have they led?

The answer comes quickly: Under the common conditions confronting education in America in the past seventy or eighty years, Catholic methods could not lead, in the nature of things; but in the solution of new problems in that period, even our teachers have forgotten that, prior to that time, there was a cultural condition among American Catholics of a high order and vastly promising. The successive waves of newcomers, by the force of numbers, justly demanded the full and undivided attention of our teaching body. That teaching body has been largely recruited from the ranks of the prospering newcomers themselves, and the earlier tradition is forgotten. But it is historically untrue that the Church in America has always been till now a "submerged" church; and it is a misfortune that the work our fathers did in establishing a cultural tradition which today could be enjoyed by all, has been lost from American and Catholic history so completely.

It is fair to ask, then, with Professor Palmer, whether much of American tradition is not solidly good; whether this particular Catholic tradition in America has not some desirable quality; whether, a formidable problem common to all in our American civilization having been successfully surmounted, it is not timely and eminently desirable to examine into our achievement, to weigh and consider, and to begin to construct upon those foundations which are well laid, and to test some of those bases, as engineers would, for the weight of the superadded building.

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THE TEACHING BROTHER

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

HOW difficult a job pedagogy is, only those who have tried it can know. Literature records rather fully the acute and chronic dissatisfactions of the school-bench; and there is not a famous author who has courted immortal originality by venturing to say, "I was a model pupil and I enjoyed myself." But what of the pedagogue? Not the gentleman of leisure who sacrifices a few hours to college teaching in order to saturate himself with the bliss of academia, not the well-paid, efficient modern administrator, with his card-index neatly arranged at his elbow, but the mortal who wrestles in the classroom with youth at its gawkiest, most volatile, least appreciative stage. You might find it difficult, as an artist or a graceful orator, to cast any glamour over such a figure. Even Thomas Eakins's rather frayed officy Thinker has something too much of sprightliness for the part. And yet, so luminous is the light of the Church that for centuries it has endowed the pedagogue with a singular, sacred graciousness, tempering pedantry with humility, vitalizing toil with energy created by a vision.

Americans caught something of this glory recently when Columbia University, with that catholic appreciation of values which has characterized it under Dr. Butler's administration, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Science upon Brother Leon, of Havana, Cuba. Who is Brother Leon? To our shame it must be admitted that we knew indefinitely more of Cuban jazz-bands and cigarettes than of this patient scientist whose long hours of teaching according to the rule of the Christian Brothers did not prevent him from forming the greatest herbarium of Cuban plants known to science. Working in coöperation with the New York Botanical Garden and the Smithsonian Institute, this most illustrious of tropical botanists discovered over one hundred new specimens and contributed monographs of lasting value to his field of research. But though it probably took Columbia University to discover that Brother Leon is worthy of scientific acclaim, he came to a country and a city where his fraternity is beloved for other services. He arrived to meet aging religious teachers who had supervised the scholastic progress of American cardinals and bishops, jurists and doctors, artists and good citizens. And so, though he added to the lustre of the teaching brotherhoods, that lustre itself is old and well burnished here.

Already in the fourteenth century a community of religious teachers, the Brethren of the Common Life, exerted great influence upon the spirit of Europe. Hundreds of their schools dotted Germany and the Netherlands, giving instruction "for the love of God alone" and recommending moral discipline to a sadly decadent generation. The purity of Thomas à Kempis, master of an unequaled method for teaching the rules of the mystical life, was perhaps the noblest characteristic of their achievement. Popes and princes profited by their learning and example; and the greatest of their disciples, Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, completed a system of philosophy so lofty of intuition and so cosmic in breadth that we of today tire following it, being wholly unable to keep pace with the magnificent winged strides of its author. But the Brethren were properly servants of their era and perished with it. Religious wars, civil strife and the French Revolution came. The schools closed, except in so far as they served the inspiration of new and equally important endeavor.

Another significant beginning in this form of education came with the French renaissance. Printing had revolutionized the world. Not only would the masses demand formal training in the arts, but instruction in religion would require a thorough reorganization. Calvin and Luther had launched their campaigns, ancient literature had been exhumed, and orthodoxy dared not remain antiquated. We of the present time can hardly grasp the unpreparedness of seventeenth-century schoolmen. To what models could they refer? What principles were they to invent in their attempt to cope with their world? These questions were sources of dispute, of failure, of mean bickering. Finally, Saint John Baptist de La Salle, dying after forty years of strenuous labor, was able to bequeath to Christendom an institute and a brotherhood which promised not only success in the difficult matter of religious instruction, but also progress in the solution of practical educational problems. It is no exaggeration to say that this great man, the founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, brought more basic common sense into the elementary classroom than any other half-dozen educators in history. This is not the place to analyze his pedagogical innovations. The point is that, in spite of furious opposition, he was an innovator, thus illustrating for his followers the precious maxim that mere convention, mere doing of things because everybody else has done them, is scholastic disaster.

Since the death of Saint John Baptist de La Salle in 1719, other teaching communities have appeared and found their places. The Rosminians, dedicated to the subtle, beautiful but possibly somewhat esoteric principles of their founder, have developed into a teaching body singularly well prepared for their tasks and highly successful in the field. Another foundation of great interest is that established in Belgium by Theodore James Ryken and now known as the Xaverian Brothers. This has proved most successful in the United States, where the brotherhoods of sev-

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eral religious orders—the Franciscans and the Congregation of the Holy Cross, for example—have also taken over many schools. Indeed, the work of the brotherhoods has profited much both by the generous character of the United States law and by the willingness of American Catholics to support their own institutions for religious education.

It is difficult for us to estimate the aggregate of all this educational endeavor. Quantitatively we can, of course, see that in the province of New York alone the Christian Brothers are now teaching nearly twenty thousand pupils annually, in institutions which range from elementary schools to colleges fully standardized and offering several courses of study. We know that, throughout the country, new schools and new staffs are answering the call of need with an alacrity and a success which saves millions of dollars in public taxation and which, in many respects, constitutes the greatest achievement of Catholicism on this side of the ocean. But perhaps it is best to think of all this work in terms of quality. I do not mean intellectual quality. Anyone who has seen the zeal with which teaching Brothers work through summers like this one to prepare themselves more fully for the work of the next year; who has had occasion to observe the interest taken in modern educational development and constantly changing theory; who has considered the scrupulousness with which new standards have been accepted—this anyone will know perfectly well that so much patience and industry has been amassed by no other educational organization in the world.

I am thinking rather of the day-by-day of the Brother. Boys pass in an everlasting stream through his hands, and they are only average American boys—lads who need jerking into line, or tender personal interest, or very wise counsel. To them all the Brother is a servant, even as he goes on bravely and silently in the service of Divinity. His days are burdensome; and no educator ever glimpses anything but a remote reward. Is all this appreciated? Have we not rather got into the habit of shouldering the Brother with more than he can carry—demanding, as we do constantly, new effort and better equipment? The pedagogical seat is never an easy-chair. But if one proceeds on the basis of that maxim alone, without taking into consideration human limitations as well as certain boundaries necessarily imposed by the business of education itself, the result can only be exhaustion and impotence. The Brothers themselves have tried to guard against stagnation by taking the various stages of mental growth into their scope. Their men may actually proceed, if their talent and taste lie that way, from the elementary to the secondary to the collegiate school. This arrangement is at once a recipe for as well as a proof of vitality. Something else is needed, however. It it readiness on the part of the public served to perceive that even the quiet, hard-working Brother who gives his life so that others may grow in understanding is entitled to assistance.

That assistance, as I see it now and as others have been known to view it, may be said to lie in two directions of activity. The first is to allow the Brothers time to develop one institution before expecting them to take over others. This is so difficult in the present circumstances that one is inclined to believe it depends upon an increase of vocations out of all proportion to the present, or upon recognition of the usefulness of the lay teacher. The second is simply appreciation of what the brothers accomplish—of their right, as experienced educators, to control their foundations and to expect that improvements required will be furnished; of their title to the love and respect of all; and of their need of encouragement, both financial and social. Were these two principles universally recognized, the teaching Brother would occupy the position of honor and influence to which his gifts, his sacrifices and his aspirations so amply entitle him.

Independence

World's full of collectors,
Staffordshire plates . . . many loves . . . Rogers
groups . . . lions . . .
Even out here, in the country, folks collect.
David Dwight,
He collects cellar holes,
Has always collected cellar holes.

First to fall down was a house way up on the mountain,
David Dwight had been born there,
But that couldn't save it.
Abandoned house by an abandoned road—
Folks offered to move it away,
Buy it and move it away to where the town would keep
the roads open,
"No, ye don't," said David Dwight.
Well, it was his house.

Next to fall down was the red house round the corner
from where he lived.
He had tenants,
He wouldn't repair the roof,
So the roof fell in,
So the walls sagged inward,
The fieldstone chimney let light through.
Some of the neighbors wanted to save the corner cupboard
and a fireframe.
"No, ye don't," said David Dwight.
Well, it was his house.

Now a cottage over the way from him is going;
Its outside stairs fell off last winter,
Holes that were windows will welcome next winter's snow.
I think David Dwight has not kept his ancestral trust.
His forbears built these houses for homes,
While these homes fall down people seek homes,
Out in the fields people try to make homes in
woodchoppers' shanties;
But this does not concern David Dwight,
Who collects cellar holes,
Has always collected cellar holes.

EDITH MINITER.

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TELLING STORIES

By PADRAIC COLUM

IT HAS been discovered that there is still a place in the world for an oral art—for story-telling. Those who have charge of children's reading-rooms in American libraries have had to rediscover and exercise that art. Children who come to borrow books remain to have stories told them. And so we have the most ancient of the arts taking its place in modern surroundings.

The telling of stories in the libraries necessitates the selection of a distinctive type of story and the development of a distinctive method of communication with the children. The art of story-telling consists in giving spontaneity to a formal series of happenings. They are in a formal series for the story must have distinct pattern, but the story-teller has to relate them as if he had just discovered them as something going on. The pattern of the story has to be a familiar one; the characters in it must have such simplicity that they can be presented directly and understood immediately. And the value that the story told has over the story that one reads to oneself is that it holds and carries over feelings that belong to something deeper in us than our external consciousness.

They have reveries behind them, these stories that possess such patterns, such series of happenings, such simplicity of character-drawing, as make it possible to deliver them orally to an unselected audience. This is true of traditional stories, and true also of the stories for children which writers like Hans Andersen and Rudyard Kipling have made up. And it is this quality of reverie, this dramatizing of something different from what is in our external consciousness, that makes the story told distinct from the story that is written to be read by a single reader.

The story-teller whom I listened to when I was young had many advantages over the modern and metropolitan story-teller in one of our public libraries. He told his stories in the evening; he told them by the light of a candle and a peat fire—often by the light of the peat fire alone. There were shadows upon the walls. Nothing that he told us had to be visualized in the glare of day or in the glare of electric light. His was a language that had not been written down; his words had not been made colorless by constant use in books and newspapers. He was free to make all sorts of rhymes and chimes with them, and to use words that were meaningless except for the overtone of meaning their sounds had. He could make his hero start from the hilltop that was known to all his audience, and have his battle fought upon the strand that they all had stood upon. His audience was small—no more than a score of people—so he could be intimate in voice and manner. He had few gestures, this particular story-teller: sometimes he beat his hands together; sometimes he raised a stick that was by him to give solemnity to some happening. And outside was the silence of the night and the silence of the countryside.

And from him I learned that a story that is to be told has to be about happenings. It has to be in sentences that can be easily and pleasantly carried over by the human voice. It has nothing to say about states of mind. In its description it has to be free of generalities—not a catalogue of a poet's sensations with the sea by way of description, let us say, but the flash of the wave. Its characters should be explicable at every moment, even though they do odd and unpredictable things. And they must be the kind of human beings that the human voice can shepherd—and the voice cannot shepherd divided, many-mooded, complicated people.

It would be well if the modern story-teller could do what that story-teller's art permitted him to do—make certain descriptions in his story purely conventional: the description of a ship sailing the sea, for instance; the description of a castle or of a lonely waste. By such descriptions he was able to get, what everyone who undertakes to tell a story of some length has to get, relief and points of rest. When he set his ship sailing upon the sea, when he set his hero wandering through a wilderness, the audience rested and the story-teller rested, for the passage that came was known and expected. These conventionalized descriptions ("runs" he called them) were so placed in the story that they gave rests at the right places; they gave relief in the method of delivery, too, for the "run" was always spoken with a quicker rhythm, as if it were a piece of free verse; sometimes it was spoken to the beating of his hands. "He set off, and there was blackening on his soles, and holing in his shoes; the little birds were taking their rest at the butts of bushes and the tops of the trees, but if they were, he was not." How often a "run" like this, and "runs" that were much longer occurred in the recital of a story of some quest! And such "runs" gave a more definite pattern to the story, for they were woven into it at regular intervals.

In the story told by the professional story-teller, or by that amateur of story-telling, the nurse in old countries, there are certain possessions of the hero or heroine—a sword, a helmet, a dress, a comb—that have to be made memorable. The story-teller shows his delight in such possessions; he makes them, not so much possessions as attributes of his hero or heroine: the mention of them recalls or foreshadows a happening. To be able to use such a possession in a story is to be able to give another gleam, another interest to it.

The language of a story that is to be told to children should be simple, of course, but it should not be childish. Children love language for its own sake; they treasure words as they treasure keepsakes. It is worth while noting that in American schools, where the children are used to only a standardized language, they are particularly attracted to poetry in dialect.

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"I am persuaded both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written down to their capacity," Walter Scott noted on an occasion. "They love those that are more composed for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child will understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up; . . . the grand and interesting consists in ideas, not words." Surely he was right. The story-teller must respect the child's mind, the child's conception of the world, knowing it for a complete mind and a complete conception. If a story-teller have that respect he need not be childish in his language in telling stories to children. If the action is clear and the sentences clear one can use a mature language. Strange words, out-of-the-way words, do not bewilder children if there is order in the action and in the sentences.

A ROMAN SOLILOQUY

By BROTHER LEO

IT WAS just at the sunset hour that our train crept toward the city through smiling fields and hillside vineyards gay with trailing tendrils. In that illusion-fostering light I gazed far out beyond the fields, hoping for some impressive memento of the grandeur that was Rome. The hope was not realized; sometimes it is the way of life to blast our visions that we may see the truth. And so it came to pass that my first and ineffacable memory lithograph of Rome was neither Michelangelo's architectural triumph nor Victor Emmanuel's incongruous monument, neither the orange tree planted by Saint Dominic beside the Church of Santa Sabina nor even a pair of decrepit columns surmounted by a block of travertine in the Forum to constitute the portals of the past; what drew the eye and distressed the fancy in the sunset glow was the leprous ruins of the Claudian aqueduct.

Could there have been a more cruelly graphic reminder that the title of Eternal City thinly hides a bitter paradox? Without water men cannot live, and here was evidence, so eloquent because so mute, that generations which thirsted once and had their thirst appeased are thirstless now forever. Winding about, the train approached the time-scarred aqueduct from every angle; once, as though to stress the already overwhelming contrast between the past and the present, between the quick and the dead, it whistled shrilly and derisively as we caught sight of some tender green things growing out of the crumbling pile. And when, still whistling, the train rattled through one of the aqueduct's blackened arches, we knew that verily we had passed through the gates of Rome.

The longer you stay in Rome and the better you come to know it, the more clearly you see that that greenery growing on the aqueduct but not drawing its sustenance therefrom is a symbol of the antithesis between the past and the present in the so-called Eternal City. A modern railroad station opening upon the Baths of Diocletian; bobbed-haired tourists with Kokomo, Indiana, inflections uttering commonplaces on the site of Sallust's villa; within the very shadow of the Aurelian Wall a jazz band interpreting Yes, We Have No Bananas.

But, it might be argued, the past endures. You cannot ignore the aqueduct, or the remnants of the Circus Maximus or the Catacombs along the Appian Way. Rome is the Eternal City because it is so redolent of the past.

Yes, the past is here. Upon the steps of the gay red and yellow trolley cars—ironic reminder of the scarlet and gold of the legions of imperial Rome—are graven the historic initials, S. P. Q. R. To know even a little history is to have the imagination fired at sight of those letters, the letters that went wherever Roman arms and Roman equity went, the letters that took their place in the court and in the field beside the standards and the eagles—the letters that symbolized what seemed so strong and aggressive, so certain to endure; the letters that symbolized the imperial civilization. And today they are ornamental things, those once potent, those once sacred symbols, and outlanders and descendants of savages literally tread them under foot in the very city of the Caesars! And thus it is that the past is with us in Rome.

But Saint Peter's—is not that alive? Yes, gloriously alive and inconceivably beautiful with its profusion of bright gold and cool marble, the lamps ever burning about the Fisherman's Tomb revealing so impressively what it is and what it means. But Saint Peter's stands today something apart from Rome. Whatever it may have been and whatever it may have meant when the Popes were earthly rulers and the arbiters of kings, today Saint Peter's, alive with a life that is not of earth, stands apart equally from the living present and from the dead and desecrated past. Modern Rome is not papal Rome. Indeed, to the Papacy ever so many things in the Rome of today—like the names of streets and the bumptiousness of monuments—are standing insults and taunts of defiance. Both the Papacy and the modern city are, it is true, alive; but the city lives—and shall ultimately die—because it is human, while the Papacy lives because it is divine.

And we who come hither from the ends of the earth, from states unborn when Caesar fell, we who lisp in strange tongues and wear queer garments and think so many thoughts unthinkable alike on the Palatine in the days of the Gracchi and on the Pincio when Galileo from the garden of his sumptuous prison scrutinized the stars, what can this sepulchre of cities mean to us? The answer I found, incongruously enough, in the Gallery of Modern Art in the Julian valley, where stands a bronze statuette by Daniele de Strobel, Il Fanciullo e la Morte. A nude boy, digging with a mattock, has unearthed a skull, and the artist has fixed forever the resulting mood of horror and perplexity and dawning realization. The mattock falls from his hands and he turns away his head, this Hamlet so pathetically young, for beyond and beneath the warmth and the fragrance of the summer day and the flowers and the sunshine of that summer garden, he has glimpsed a truth of life and of history clear and implacable and grim.

A truth, yes; but not the whole truth. For perchance when that boy walks forth from the garden of his childhood and looks serenely if sadly out upon the world of men, he will pause some evening on his homeward way almost at the spot where Gibbon heard the monks chanting vespers in the Temple of Jupiter and conceived the design of a literary monument for a Rome that had declined and fallen. And there Hamlet will find at his feet the ruins of the Forum. Here stood the marsh which the Tarquin drained, and here the pomp and pride and glory of the greatest material empire the world has ever known. And it may be that the observer will recall that once when that empire was at the summit of its splendor and renown two fanatical Jews—trouble-makers they and incendiaries, for had they not disturbed men's thoughts?—lay yonder in the pestilential Mamertine prison awaiting execution. And as he gazes on, the boy may reflect that the fair and prideful Forum is as wretched

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a thing as the poor blind beggar who haunts the portico of Saint Paul's Outside the Walls, and that the Mamertine, with its altar and its perennial spring, and with its black walls smoothed by countless reverent hands and its pavement worn by the endless passing of devotional feet, is as much a tribute to the two Jews who once lay there and as much a triumph of the ideas for which they died as the matchless basilica of Saint Peter's across the Tiber. Inevitably the realization comes that the empire is as a grinning skull upturned by the random stroke of a gardener's spade while the truth of the Lord remaineth forever.

For religion, cavil as we will, lives on in this city of the dead. The other morning I walked out to the famous Milvian Bridge where Constantine defeated Maxentius. As I stood leaning on the parapet a troop of Italian cavalry came by at a walk, the hoofs of the horses clattering on the stones. And it required but little imagination to see, not those gawky boys and weary officers, but the legions of imperial Rome returning from some conquest in Gaul or Spain or Britain, the garlanded victor in his chariot and the captives dragging behind him in chains. Then, from the city, through the dust raised by the passing of the troops, emerged a brown-robed monk, a basket on his arm, the quiet light of purpose in his eyes and a smile induced of inner joy lurking in his bearded face. Probably he was only carrying delicacies to some invalid in one of the little white houses yonder, but he was treading the same Flaminian way which through the Christian centuries evangelists and missionaries have trod to bear from the city to the world the good tidings of peace.

And then last night, "when the moon's lamp was prodigal of light," I visited the Colosseum. Imperial Rome and Christian Rome were reconstructed on the ground where once wild beasts wrestled and gladiators sweated and fair and flawless virgins won their crowns. One had but to look up to those tiers and tiers of broken arches and see the throngs and hear the shouting. Long I sat in the shadows on a bit of old marble and mused. Near me two young Italian boys played softly on guitars—not jazz, thank heaven, but sweet and lulling music, for their sweethearts were with them; and their playing, oddly enough, harmonized perfectly with the mood and the place. For empires fall and sports decay, but love lives on and on. Love it was that was the secret of the martyr's strength, the secret of the Church the empire so vainly sought to crush; and so that music among the ruins of the Colosseum on a moonlit night in summer reminds me that love and faith—the love that believes and the faith that gives itself without reserve—are the only truly undying things in the city which men call eternal.

Wind

The limp leaves wake, dull branches stir
With rustling hope and—grimier
Than green—grass murmurs; blossoms lift
Their dusty heads; far, dark clouds drift
Down the cruel blue to soothe the sting
Of noon with their damp promising.

Then breaks the wind, whose grateful scourge
Drives imps of heat from city gorge
And city square, recalling cool
Birch grove and amber forest pool
While window-boxes hail again
Wind's merciful handmaiden, rain.

JOHN HANLON.

COMMUNICATIONS

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I read recently in your publication a protest at the unfairness of Protestants who have never made a study of, or listened to a defense of, all the Catholic doctrines. As a person of Protestant family, who attends by preference the Catholic Church, I may be pardoned for trying to clear up a misunderstanding.

The difficulty, if I may use the illustration without disrespect to either faith, is that the Protestant is straining at the gnat and therefore feels it would be quite out of the question to swallow the camel. Few Protestants have enough faith to meet the meager exactions of their own churches—I mean faith in the sense of actually believing all of the creed. The best of church workers will either slide over or give individual interpretations to one or more points that stump their credulity. Often they are encouraged in this by the pastor. One pastor, for instance, will admit anyone who believes in salvation through Christ. That, he explains, is what the creed means, or is the heart of it. Why then, the creed could not be simply that, is an enigma I do not undertake to answer. My point is merely that rightly or wrongly the Protestant is under the impression that the teachings of the Protestant churches represent what his ancestors found they could believe in after discarding such Catholic doctrines as they could not believe in. Since he cannot grasp even this simplified and selected body of religious teachings, it seems useless to attempt a study of the more elaborate system from which they sprung.

Similarly the average Protestant has scarcely enough interest in ritual to do in an unslovenly manner the observances, simple as they are, that his own church requests. The elaborate ceremony of the Catholic Church is felt, in consequence, to be almost terrifying.

The Protestant churches of today are certainly not a protest against Catholicism. The Reformation was many generations ago. The child inherits the church from its parents. It is as unreasonable to ask the Protestant child to make a study of Catholicism as a justification for remaining a Protestant, as it would be to ask the Catholic child to make a study of Protestantism. At the best all that can be asked is that the child study his own faith to determine whether it satisfies him. If it does not satisfy him, he can look in other directions. That the adolescent Protestant frequently does make sufficient inquiry to drop out of the church is well known, but the question of the relation of Protestantism to Catholicism has no bearing upon his decision. And why should it? After all, there is really no such thing as a Protestant, though we use the name to include a wide assortment of similar faiths. There are Baptists, Methodists, Lutherans. But there is no Protestant Church. Enmity of Catholicism undoubtedly exists in places, but it arises like any other form of prejudice, either through fear, or is simply "caught" or "inherited" like a disease.

I have been asked, actually, by Protestants, what the word Protestant means. I may hint in passing that the true Protestants—those who naturally are sceptics, rejecting authority and thinking for themselves—are no longer in the Protestant churches. Or those who are do not turn their Protestantism toward religion. They are now where they belong—in science, criticism, social reconstruction—where their scepticism becomes constructive. To Catholics of missionery zeal I may say that I do not believe the Protestant is to be won by arguments on doctrine, at least at the outset, though he would need many points

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cleared up before his final conversion. The differences in ritual are too marked. The Protestant can hardly make the jump without some connecting link—such as attendance at a convent school, attendance at an Anglican school, or even familiarity with Catholic churches and customs from touring in Europe, or by visiting—from curiosity—with Catholic friends who minimize the seriousness of making a mistake in following the ritual. Doctrinal discussions are more likely to repel. The average Protestant is a pretty repressed and self-conscious individual. I do not know whether this is the cause or the effect of the lack of ritual in the Protestant churches. I would, of course, be sorry to see the Catholic Church simplify its observances or beliefs in an attempt to attract Protestants. I trust there will never be any question of this. Frankly I doubt if the majority of Protestants are good Catholic material.

MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD.

THE LAY READER

Colorado Springs, Colo.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Robinson's article, The Lay Reader (May 11) and Mrs. Byles's communication, The Lay Thinker (June 1) are at once a welcome revelation of "the beginning of a young Catholic idea" at non-Catholic institutions of higher education, and an earnest call for capable leaders in this youths' crusade for the priceless heritage of Catholic truth and beauty. May their appeal find a ready and understanding response in those who are in a position to direct these hungry and fervid young minds how to feed with profit on the marrow of the itellectual giants for whom they evince such praiseworthy enthusiasm.

Mrs. Byles's communication contains this arresting sentence: "I can but wonder what the result would be if there were co-operation between the Catholic and non-Catholic colleges." This reminds one that many non-Catholic university professors —in their contributions to the recent book, Present-Day Thinkers and the New Scholasticism—likewise note and deplore this lack of coöperation. One of them, for example, says that in this country "there still exists a most regrettable lack of contact and intercourse between Catholic and non-Catholic philosophers—a condition which contrasts very unfavorably with the relations existing in Europe."

JOHN S. ZYBURA.

INDEX OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I lay no claim to originality in the subjoined suggestion. The thought has perhaps occurred to a number of your readers that an index of Catholic periodical literature is an achievement greatly to be desired. Vast deposits of valuable and scholarly material of the highest interest and importance to scholars and readers, lie for the most part buried for want of proper indexing. On several occasions of late, the writer has been compelled to search through thousands of pages of irrelevant material for matter which, with the aid of a suitable general index, could have been secured at a vast saving of time and labor. Many of your readers can, no doubt, recall instances of a like nature.

Most of our periodicals contain well-prepared annual indices, but few are listed in the general indices, such as Poole's or the Readers' Guide. An index such as is suggested should be prepared under the direction of a specialist in the work of indexing. A poorly prepared index, or an incomplete one, would probably be worse than none at all. Its range should extend far enough into the past to include Brownson's Review. It should, moreover, include English as well as American publications; those that have ceased publication as well as those now flourishing.

Finally, such a work might list the libraries and institutions where files of the reviews, particularly the older ones, are to be found. Many a weary worker would appreciate this information.

An undertaking of this nature would, of course, be met with the eternal problem of finance and support. Perhaps some of your readers might be able to offer suggestions as to how this difficulty might be met.

THOMAS F. O'CONNOR.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT SITUATION

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I was extremely interested to note in The Commonweal of June 1, a letter written by William Collins which appears to cover a phase of the unemployment situation that, if actively carried to a conclusion, will provide a minimum of unemployment in every industry or mercantile establishment.

If this article could be brought to the attention of every Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Civic Improvement Association, and similarly interested activity, and provided, of course, they were conscientiously interested in promoting the welfare of humanity, it would create a condition in our social and economic life which would favorably react toward the local, state and national government, and the value of which can never be truly estimated.

If left to become merely an expression of opinion, rather than have the matter as represented by Mr. Collins practically applied to the conditions of our commercial and industrial life, it will be indicative of lack of interest in the improvement of the unemployment situation. That some philanthropist cannot appreciate the vital importance of the unemployment situation (however meritorious may be his other donations or gifts to art, science, etc.) to the extent of providing an old-age pension fund, while insistent that the suggestions made by Mr. Collins be carried out in their entirety, as they are synonymous with the above, I believe is because of an erroneous interpretation and understanding of the situation. So I trust that the suggestions of Mr. Collins may be universally adopted as a matter of practice and not of theory.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

A TRIBUTE TO MISS REPPLIER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—With the conferring of the honorary degree of Litt.D., on Agnes Repplier by Columbia University, admiring Catholics must rejoice that one of their own, and convent-bred, has already received four degrees from American universities. In a most flattering editorial in the New York Sun, the editor wrote: "President Nicholas Murray Butler must have realized that he was not so much adding to her distinction, as to that of the institution of which he is head, and of which she is now a part."

ALICE WARREN.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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POEMS

Massacre in June

The reaper came today. (The grass was long,
Plumey and proud!) He paused to whet his scythe,
Then with a kind of hot and whirring song
Of execution, terrible and blithe,
He did his work. All June came tumbling down
At once. There was a legend on the air
Of butterflies, bewildered gold and brown!
These hovered in irresolute despair
Above the honest daisies, lightly slain,
The startled clover, still so trusting-sweet;
Before my lips could pass the cry of pain,
They laid their pulsing lives down at my feet—
They died their fragrant deaths there in the heat,
As steadily the keen and humming blade
Took toll. That zealous reaper in the sun
Would know no rest till, fallen every one,
He sought some hospitality of shade.

I saw a breeze with cool and eager aim
Leap from the sky, remembering the way
The long grass rippled. It was not the same—
The shadows reconnoitered in dismay.

Then back to heaven fled the breeze forlorn,
The shadows to their parent boughs withdrew,
And in my mind there was a meadow shorn
Where once the green thoughts vigorously grew.

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

A Wave of Roses

A wave of roses broke against a wall
And on its crest the bees were jeweled spray,
And in me one voice said, "The wave will fall,
The spray be lost in air—the wall will stay."
Then said another softer voice in me,
"Roots feeding upward to the bloom have grown
Too deep—and someone watching here shall see
A wave of roses hide the fallen stone."

Then I remembered cities now so long
The dust where wild bloom's drifting pollen goes,
And some age living only in its song
That dipped the dew from some antique red rose,
And ships of which we keep in legend now
The wreath of rainbows that survived the prow.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

Prayer of a Teacher

Father, between Thy strong hands Thou hast bent
The clay but roughly into shape, and lent
To me the task of smoothing where I may
And fashioning to a gentler form Thy clay.
To see some hidden beauty Thou hadst planned,
Slowly revealed beneath my laboring hand;
Sometime to help a twisted thing to grow
More straight; this is full recompense, and so
I give Thee but the praise that Thou wouldst ask. . . .
Firm hand and high heart for the further task.

DOROTHY LITTLEWORT.

Ocean Easement

You are chained to yourself; the universe
Embraces you and sucks away your breath;
Your brow is sweated with a nameless curse;
Before dying you are living in death.

Sink beneath the level of the salt seas
Where stone lilies have their curious being;
Where stars and mosses grow in streaming trees,
And lamp-shells live without moving or seeing.

In liquid emerald the satin fish
Vibrate, spit bubbles, spread vaporous tails;
In fluid sapphire the sponges swish;
In abysmal mud dull worms press their trails.

Oysters weave quietly their pearls; sharks prowl;
The phosphorescent fish light up the deep;
Deep water bears no bells nor winds that howl;
Life under water moves in dreamful sleep.

And when you rise again and shake your hair
Free of foam webs, you will be quieted;
You will have learned to move in blowing air
Smoothly, like fluent fish, till you fall dead.

MARIE LUHRS.

On Hearing Julia Marlowe Read Shakespeare's Sonnets

Books sheltered us, their owner listening near,
And in his seat she sat and nobly read.
I tried to hear the golden words she said
In that rare golden voice, and scarce could hear
So close the meaning pressed, rich and austere,
Like lilies in an over-planted bed,
Like mountain streams by tortuous torrents fed
That curb their conscious power in the weir.

Without, the moon brewed mystery; the apse
Of Notre Dame drank deep its honeyed flame.
Within, the royal soul of Shakespeare came
And stayed among us for a magic lapse
Of mortal time—we could not know how long,
So heavenly she sang us Shakespeare's song.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Country Graveyard

The curious fields draw near,
And peer within—
Clover, under the fence,
Timothy, over.
They wonder at the queer, lopsided stones,
The hidden bones,
The snowball trees at the heads
Of the narrow beds,
The peonies,
Pansies in a jelly-glass,
A new, long grave,
And the crop of brave-eyed myrtle
In the rampant grass.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Woman of Bronze

IT IS not easy to wax eloquent over Margaret Anglin's acting in her revival of The Woman of Bronze when the memories of her magnificent Electra still hover brilliantly in the air. Still, we cannot live always near the foot of Olympus, and perhaps it is good medicine for the soul to have to face the difference between comparative and superlative degrees of art. For Miss Anglin does endow with artistry anything she touches, and if, in one case, we were privileged to see the artistry of flame, it may be worth the experience to see in the other case the artistry of clay.

The Woman of Bronze is not a great play. It is not even a fine play. It is just a passably interesting play of the formula type, triangular in its love theme and angular in its execution. Leonard Hunt, a sculptor, and his wife Vivian, half-adopt some poor relatives into their childless home, one of them being Sylvia Morton. Hunt falls in love with Sylvia in such a way that his wife soon learns about it. This happens at the very time he is engaged in a competition for a war memorial of large importance. Vivian (Margaret Anglin) resolves to sacrifice everything for the good of her husband's work, and tolerates a situation that slowly becomes unbearable. She tries to conceal it from her friends. But at the moment when her patience might have won out, Hunt discovers that Sylvia is to have a child. Utterly torn, he offers to go away with her and abandon everything. In the last act, twelve months later, the child having died, he returns to seek forgiveness. As things will happen in plays, the memorial committee has granted an extension of time. A rumor is held out that Hunt will now be able to complete his great work and that Vivian will take him back if he proves himself by devotion to his artistic ideal.

Now all this is written without much subtlety of characterization, the drama being concentrated in a few emotional scenes so dear to the followers of the traditional French theatre. The comedy relief is brought in by way of certain overdrawn society characters. But the transitions are all rather clumsy, and a certain unreality hangs over all the proceedings, as if the characters had never quite breathed the winds of life or experienced the full turmoil of its storms. Under these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that Miss Anglin's best efforts are unable to create the full illusion of reality or to stir one to any great pitch of excitement about the fate of all concerned. Moreover, in the earlier scenes, she allows her voice to rise and fall in a sort of gentle incantation which charms you for an instant with its beauty but ends by becoming unreal.

Aside from this, Miss Anglin's work is replete with a skill that has been quite absent from the work of most of our younger actresses—a skill in pointing dialogue to bring out its utmost wit and charm. Laura Hope Crews has it. So has Ethel Barrymore. It is the charmed gift of the truly great comedienne. It gives the effect of vast knowingness, of many wise thoughts left unsaid, of a gentle irony that finds no other expression than a tilt of the head or a covert glance of the eyes. It is the product of intelligence rather than emotion, and amounts to a sort of understanding code between the player and the audience. By itself, it is more artifice than art. But in Miss Anglin's case, it is combined with the real art of emotional expression, and so well combined as to seem but a delightful ornament for the greater power it sets off.

Of the rest of the company assembled by Murray Phillips (for this is the third of his revivals at popular prices) this much can be said, that in a comparatively brief rehearsal time, they have managed to work out a pleasingly smooth performance. Pedro de Cordoba as Leonard Hunt is rather more fluid than usual, though without reaching the superlatively fine performance he recently gave in the early scenes of Sam Abramovich. He is re-acquiring a more casual note in his voice which gives more point and strength by contrast to those scenes requiring explosive utterance. Sylvia Morton is played by Mary Fowler, who ought to be one of our most competent younger actresses. In this particular rôle, however, it is surprising how many good moments she manages to waste by not bringing them into a complete whole and by surrounding them with bits of crude over-acting. She is one more good candidate for a course of sprouts under Guthrie McClintic or under the harsh discipline of Basil Deane. We have all too many good actors being frittered away for the want of expert directors. Ralph Morgan takes an unimportant juvenile part with his never-failing grace and successful projection of an amusing personality.

Crime

THESE languorous times in the theatre offer a good opportunity to catch up on the crowded days of the season. As Crime, by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, seems destined to hold the stage for a good part of the summer, a much belated review may not be out of place. Experienced newspaper men could tell you in a moment that Crime is just one of those plays that creates an ingrown curiosity and fascination about the very thing it seeks to expose. It is a combination of all the Raffles stories and all the master-mind stories ever written, brought up to date and planted in the heart of New York. It makes the "gentleman criminal" a most glamorous creature, and by turning him into an idealist of sorts sets him upon a pedestal which is only heightened by his Sidney Carton act of heroism in the last scene. Its values are quite false and artificial throughout. But there is no denying the sheer entertainment value of its hokum.

One Eugene Fenmore is the leader of a gang of gunmen—a leader who relies on his social contacts for obtaining information and on his brains for staging successful hold-ups. He does, however, draw the line at murder. His gunmen are all trained by constant target practice to "shoot high." He gets a hold on two youngsters, Annabelle Porter and Tommy Brown, who are about to be married, and proceeds to use them in his latest scheme to rob a Broadway jeweler in broad daylight. Here we have Oliver Twist back again. The robbery comes off successfully, but one of Fenmore's gang—his rival for leadership—deliberately shoots to kill. To save the youngsters from the chair or life imprisonment, Fenmore gives himself up by signing a complete confession. The last curtain leaves him facing the chair and bidding a paternal farewell to the youngsters. Inspector McGuinness helps to bring the curtain down with an aphorism to the effect that crime never pays.

This outline, however, does not take account of the excellent theatrical suspense created, of the rather deft type characterization of the various crooks, and of the staging of the jewelry hold-up itself, as seen from Broadway. This one scene is about as fine a bit of melodrama as you can hope to see on the current stage. The acting, too, is all of a distinctly fine order. James Rennie, until recently, took the part of Fenmore. Now it is played by Chester Morris, and within the ridiculous outlines of the character itself, well done. The youngsters, however, are the particular bright spots, with Albert Hackett as the boy and the on and upcoming little Sylvia Sidney as the girl.

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BOOKS

Understanding America, by Langdon Mitchell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

IN HIS Understanding America, Mr. Langdon Mitchell follows the middle of the road, a course that is usually productive, in social criticism, of little else than banality; but he does so with such fervor and sincerity that his results are uncommonly stimulating. He represents an acquaintance as saying to him that he had never before met anyone who cared so tremendously about the Common Law and the Constitution and Bill of Rights, who could be so passionate about Magna Carta; and he admits himself that he may have been "warped and perverted" into patriotism. He confesses that he feels "terribly at home" in his own country. On the other hand, he is entirely sympathetic with the more youthful rebels who feel that something is wrong with America, "unconscionably wrong." And he not only holds both positions with equal heartiness but fills a good deal of the space between them. In this respect his point of view is highly unusual; and for this, among other reasons, it deserves unusual consideration.

We are not long in discovering the basis of this duality, if one chooses to call it so; or perhaps it would be better to say this breadth. It is the result of Mr. Mitchell's somewhat unusual experience, among American writers of criticism, in having had an ample taste both of the pioneer life of the West and European life, while having at the same time, as his natural milieu, the normal life of a well-placed American citizen. He is thus able to enter the circle of ideas represented, let us say, by Mr. William Allen White, and transcend it; and he is able to enter the circle of ideas represented by Mr. Ezra Pound, in so far as it touches America, and transcend that. And he is able to reach back to the sources of American character in Washington and Lincoln and Robert E. Lee and by so doing leaven the whole mass of his reflections and criticisms.

His book is somewhat sketchy and miscellaneous, but it returns invariably to one point, the problem of American society in its innumerable aspects; and the variety of Mr. Mitchell's contacts results in many agreeable paradoxes and contrasts. Thus, for instance, he retorts upon the foreign-born critics who reproach native Americans with being intolerant by showing how excessively intolerant these foreign-born critics themselves are with native Americans and their ways. To know other nations, he says, we must first know ourselves; and this instantly leads him, on the other hand, to adopt the standpoint of the foreign-born critic and inveigh against "prejudice and propaganda." He takes the simplest-minded type of American who, in the interests of universal peace, proclaims that all peoples are alike, that "the difference comes out in the wash," and that the way to make them all brothers is to assert this in and out of season; and he shows that nothing leads to war more quickly than failing to understand how profoundly different other peoples are. Or again, he contrasts the false culture for which so many Americans go to Paris with the solid culture, solid because fundamental, that produced the mind of Lincoln. In all these contrasts he aims at the golden mean, and he strikes it without diminishing its lustre.

But more appealing and more profound than his controversial papers are those in which he lingers over some aspect of American life that he has loved for its own sake; and among these should be mentioned especially three, Comedy and the American Spirit, Walt Whitman, and The New Secession. The first of these is interesting chiefly perhaps as coming from the author of that quasi-classic American comedy, The New York Idea.

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The last is appealing in its quotations of noble inscriptions on tombstones in Charleston, South Carolina, which Mr. Mitchell uses to illustrate the principle, illustrated only in the breach in modern America, that a people flourishes and becomes great only when its citizens are in a high degree like-minded. The paper on Whitman is the most impressive in the book. Here, too, we find a thesis, even perhaps a controversial thesis, i.e., that the American people hitherto have been right in not accepting Whitman, since every people must protect itself from what is alien to its natural culture or its culture dies. But it is in showing that the future is with Whitman that Mr. Mitchell strikes his deepest notes. "Whitman is undoubtedly a philosophical poet, though he is something more too. And this something more that he is, in his work, is related to the man himself. He was not, by nature, or not solely, an artist, a writer of books, a writer at all. Rather, he was one of those human beings who act upon men directly, as the sun acts when it shines and pushes on a substance. He was not a saint. But his method of action was theirs: direct and immediate, not by the printed word." Which is enough to explain why time will prove his friend.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Probation and Delinquency, by Edwin J. Cooley. Published by Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York. $3.00.

GENERAL reader, you that have no professional concern with charities, no technical interest in the specific subject of Mr. Cooley's book, it is to you that I address this note. The title does have a rather forbidding sound. It is as if in telling the story of Lindbergh's heroic achievement, the newspapers had filled their eight-column streamer headlines with the words, Earth Inductor Compasses and Lost Airplanes. That, as a matter of fact, would have been an appropriate title for Lindbergh's first statement to the reporters after he landed at Le Bourget. You know what the feature writers made of it. Had they the occasion they would find here the materials for an equally thrilling story. For Mr. Cooley has explored new reaches of human nature and has set new records in man's endless quest to understand and master the laws governing his own behavior.

Mr. Cooley's immediate subject is the delinquent and the technique of his rehabilitation. But beneath and through his study of the delinquent he reveals the broad springs of all human conduct, your conduct and mine. For criminals are human; and in every human there is the possible criminal. The difference between the normal good citizen and the criminal is in general a difference in self-knowledge and a capacity for self-control. One of the most illuminating of Mr. Cooley's many penetrating observations is that "often the mere discovery by the delinquent himself of the true reasons for his misconduct proved sufficient to effect a cure; an understanding of himself was the first step toward self-control."

All of us are transgressors in a greater or less degree. All of us who desire to live a good and happy life—a richly fruitful life—find ourselves perpetually hampered by our inability to understand the springs of our own wayward impulses, by our lack of knowledge of the wise ways to conserve our energies for constructive purposes, by our ignorance of the elementary tools of self-control. Our problems are not so gross as those in which the criminal has enmeshed himself, but they are like in kind and require essentially the same treatment which, as Mr. Cooley out of his rare experience and rich scientific equipment demonstrates, is effective in the case of more conspicuous transgressors against the rules of right conduct. If you are interested in understanding yourself and your personal problems,

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you will find Mr. Cooley's explorations of the springs of human behavior helpful and comforting; and as, under his guidance, you see yourself wrestling, albeit successfully, with the same problems under which the delinquent stumbles and falls, you will acquire a new and inspiring sense of man's capacity for self-mastery. And this sense will be heightened as you follow one after another of Mr. Cooley's stories of men, driven by wild and blind impulses to the commission of crime, restored to themselves and to society by a technique at once scientific and humane.

Mr. Cooley, as chief probation officer of the Court of General Sessions, has for years been confronted by the very definite, the very practical duty of dealing with the individual delinquent under the exacting scrutiny of judges whose business it is to see that the ends of justice as defined in the law are fully served. In this he has demonstrated his competence. He is no idle theorist. His book is a record of solid achievement and an exposition of the methods of that achievement; its conclusions based upon experience are objectively inductive conclusions. For this reason, it is of the greatest value to professional workers. But to me, as I have indicated, its outstanding merit is that it contrives to make the conduct of the delinquent a window through which one may look out upon the forces that motivate all human conduct, and by bringing to bear upon the problem of the delinquent all the available resources of science, tends to dispel the fog of superstitious mystery that has kept "human nature" a dark and unexplored continent. It is for this reason that I so confidently urge it upon the attention of the general reader. If you would have eyes to observe the forces by which your own life is governed, you may find them by looking with Mr. Cooley into the life histories which he has so searchingly, so wisely and sympathetically explored.

ROBERT W. BRUÈRE.

Shakespeare Studies, by Elmer Edgar Stoll. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

NO STUDENT of Shakespeare can afford to miss this book. I do not recall any Shakespearean study of this century which is at once so thoughtful and so thought-provoking, which is so acute in analysis and withal so rich in illustrative material, and which is, in the fundamental conception of dramatic interpretation, so painstakingly thorough, so just, so eminently right. At the beginning of the century Mr. Walkley, in the Edinburgh Review and the (London) Times, and, quite recently, following the lead of Professor Stoll's earlier monographs, Professor Schücking, in Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays (1922) have helped somewhat to clear away the errors in Shakespearean criticism for which Coleridge and Hazlitt in England are partly responsible, and have helped toward the establishment of a rational and scientific interpretation of the art of Shakespeare, by no means ignoring aesthetics.

Nevertheless, even the present-day editors of the new Cambridge Shakespeare and even Professor F. H. Wright and the author of A Study of Hamlet (1926) have yet to overcome their impressionistic tendencies of criticism, and it is not a little disheartening to be told that at a great university in New England an edition of Shakespeare is still in use in which the editor suggests that Katherine the shrew had been improperly reared from her childhood by her widower father. It is as though a sculptor should carve Venus as a babe in arms that the public might the better appreciate the dignity of the Melian statue. But with Professor Stoll we leave the vagaries of the romantic critic who so often confuses art with life and we

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breathe, perhaps somewhat consciously, the rarefied atmosphere of a penetrating and keen aesthetic criticism and an amazing, if somewhat overpowering, erudition. With patience and laborious detail as though aware that the palladium of the older school is still secure within the citadel, Professor Stoll gives new expression to ideas for which his earlier monographs have distinguished him.

The book contains eight chapters, six of which "have already appeared in print, though these last have been entirely recast—much altered and even more enlarged." The new studies are Characterization and The Comic Method. Perhaps because the book is a series of unrelated chapters composed at different times its effect is not cumulative and unified; but there are greater compensations in the concentration of attention upon single and complete topics. The section on Literature and Life is the least likely to appeal directly to the student of Shakespeare who would have preferred in its place a rewriting of the author's monographs on Hamlet and Othello.

Two characters, Shylock and Falstaff, have separate chapters devoted to their exposition. And this is well, for few characters (except Hamlet) have been interpreted so often with so little regard for what would appear to be Shakespeare's own intentions. Professor Stoll does well to stress this point: "The dramatist's intention—that, I must believe, together with his success or failure in fulfilling it, is the only matter of importance."

In the fashion of reviewers, I suppose I must call attention to passages to which I can give only qualified approval. Since I have not space to consider all, I shall limit myself to a few from the chapter on Shylock. In his zeal to correct sentimental interpretations of that character I am inclined to think Professor Stoll goes too far. He says, and repeats the thought more than once, "Most readers and critics nowadays resent the despoiling of Shylock at the end." But surely despoiling is hardly the word. For at the end Shylock (a) retains his life; (b) keeps one-half his entire fortune, even the fine being remitted at the instance of Antonio; and further (c) he is to become a Christian (and save his soul in his despite!). The dramatist has consciously prepared us by Portia's mercy speech for this contrast between Shylock's demand for "justice" and the justice (or law of Venice) tempered by mercy which is finally meted out to him.

Moreover, Professor Stoll exaggerates the number of Jews in Elizabethan drama, though he fails to note Iacuppus of Machiavellus (1597). Surely Abyssus of Timon, a "cittizen of Athenes," is no Jew; Pisaro in Englishmen for My Money is "by birth a Portingal" and, when addressing Delion, he would have "church rites" for the proposed marriage of his daughter, with never a hint that he is even a Maranno. Nor indeed is Mammon in Iacke Drums Entertainement, though a "Vsurer, with a great nose," a Jew. He is an acknowledged suitor of Katherine serenading her as openly and elegantly as her other wooers, and later he cries out against his enemies: "Villaines, Rogues, Iewes, Turkes, Infidels!"—actions and words impossible in a London or stage Jew of 1601. These characters are usurers, to be sure, all more or less partaking of the usurer's unpleasant qualities—but not Jews. Finally Professor Stoll tells us that the Church's prohibition against usury, i.e., the taking of interest, is "not abrogated at the present day." But see canon 1543 of the Codex Iuris Canonici (1918). This is, after all, caviling; and caviling cannot and does not detract from the principles expounded in Professor Stoll's distinguished book, remarkable, moreover, for its accurate printing.

CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

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The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes, $12.50.

CHARLES and Mary Beard, co-authors of The Rise of American Civilization, are historians in the best modern tradition, a tradition which they have done much to create and champion. Charles Beard's economic interpretation of history is already familiar to most American readers as the direct antithesis of the Carlyle "hero" and the Macaulay "literary" schools of historical writing. The economic historian would indicate that history is not merely a politico-military procession of demigods marching past a huzzaing, jingoistic reviewing-stand; but rather, a cool-blooded demonstration in terms of commerce, crops, inventions, money-rates and labor movements, of the compromises that have formed (or changed the form of) the existing social order. He assumes and records the shifting antagonisms of capital and labor, seaboard and hinterland, farmer and manufacturer. Material is drawn not only from archives and official correspondence, but from fishing smacks, cotton wharves and factory looms. History, according to this formula, becomes an aggregate of sociological forces, conditioned by the clashing necessities of groups and individuals. And it is upon this general hypothesis that we should expect Charles and Mary Beard to predicate their utterance.

Within their hypothesis they have achieved a master-work. One is conscious, standing in the presence of this staunch document, of its integrity and power—an integrity and power that prevent it from becoming another mere "outline of history," another volume of informational shreds and patches. Until this genetic synthesis appeared, there was in our literature no single work which articulated so completely and forcefully the credo of the economic historian. If it has been the object of Charles and Mary Beard to mold in the living round their sinewy, full-bodied conception of American history, they have unquestionably succeeded. One may agree or not agree with that conception, but one does not debate the balanced proportion and flooding energy of the finished mass.

The historians have etched, on the plate of their special interpretation, the flowing curve of events beginning with the first explorations, and ending only with the most recent utterances of American senators, poets and philosophers. The two main divisions of the work are entitled The Agricultural Era and The Industrial Era—an arrangement that would seem natural in any survey of American civilization. The economic drama of the first volume carries the reader through the colonial period, the break with England, the establishment of the republic, post-revolutionary commerce, and brings him to the verge of that "irrepressible conflict," the Civil War. And it is typical of Mr. Beard's method that there are no generals and no whiffs of double-grape in his wars. War is presented as the grappling of dissonant economies, even the biological surge is subordinated to the commercial struggle for existence. Dynastic or racial eruptions have been swept away by the dismal groundswell of economics. And most of the glamour surrounding our period of colonization and expansion has been pretty well drenched by the same wave.

The era following the Civil War is a fair plate for Mr. Beard's economic acid. The multiplicity of inventions, the accumulation of vast fortunes in railroads, oil and steel, the upward rush of technological development—these, as well as America's imperialistic policy and its international involvements —are all swiftly drawn against a background of business. In fact, Mr. Beard's whole conception may be said to pivot on the gold tip of business. Big business, little business, business

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as it affects art, literature, education, religion and politics—is the dominant cry of The Rise of American Civilization. And until a greater than Mr. Beard can dislodge him from his "business as usual" theory of history, we must assent to the cool indictment of the economic historian.

But it is disconcerting to find that the historic idols we have always worshipped have feet of paraffin, and that gold coins may be found clinging to their boot-soles wherever they tread. Thus Hamilton's assumption of state and national debts in 1790, and their subsequent funding in the form of federal bonds—a bold financial operation which immediately restored our national credit—is recounted by Mr. Beard for no other purpose apparently, than to show how it "enriched thousands of good federalists." The historian then proceeds to prove that 100 years later, papers were discovered establishing the fact that no less than twenty-nine members of the First Continental Congress dabbled in public funds! This is the economic interpretation with a vengeance. Again: Daniel Webster is introduced as "the hope and reliance of the moneyed and conservative classes, the merchants, manufacturers, capitalists and bankers." Thus Hamilton and Webster, whom the people of the United States have sound reason to remember in other and nobler terms, are hewn on a bias to fit the historian's thesis. Mr. Beard is protesting, of course, against the maudlin kind of thing we find in Parson Weems's biography of Washington, a sugar-and-spice rhapsody on men and affairs that cloys by its own oversweetness. Undoubtedly the years Mr. Beard has spent in preparing this work have convinced him that the economic motif is dominant in the historical symphony. But I think he errs when by his emphasis he would make us believe it is the only one.

Look for much that is factual, close-clipped and unsentimental in this essentially "tough-minded" history of American affairs. But do not look for heroes. You will not find them because the author did not intend you to find them. Perhaps, in the whole course of his economic interpretation, the author never found one himself.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Rivalry, by Sarah Warder MacConnell. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

THIS is Miss MacConnell's fourth novel and represents in every way a distinct advance in her art. Though it may not possess quite the same charm as did Many Mansions, the first of her books, it skilfully avoids the early faults of construction and of a faint, not unpleasant but too facile sentimentality. On the other hand, though it is, as much as was One, its immediate predecessor, something of a thesis, the story is better managed and the characterization more deft. But it must be added that Miss MacConnell, like nearly every woman novelist, is not quite convincing with her men.

Rivalry is, however, a book primarily for women, despite the fact that the novelist handles her sex with an irony that verges at times upon acrimoniousness. The story concerns itself with two sisters, Julia and Elena Doane, beginning in their late teens and ending in their middle-age. There is rivalry between the two, for Julia, after throwing over the man she loved because she had discovered that he had had a mistress, married without much emotion Palmerston Banning who had no emotion whatever; while the bitterly acidulous Elena who, until an accident crippled her for life, had meant to become a dancer, married an architect of remarkable talents but of ambitions of the kind that necessitate poverty in a materialistic world. But Elena, after having resented the wealth and social

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position of her sister, gets her consolation in the posthumous fame of her husband, which she pits against Julia.

The conflict is not limited to the sisters. Each struggles for domination with her husband, and Julia has, in addition, to compete with the frigid Palmerston for first place in her children's affections. Both meet inevitable disillusionment.

Stated in this bare form the thesis of the book emerges too obtrusively. So it should be said that Rivalry has a wealth of subsidiary matter and that some of the best passages in it are those dealing with the minor characters. Several of these are New Thought or psychoanalytical quacks, and one of them may be clearly recognized as a distinguished economist who has now degenerated into a somewhat dubious mystic. The portrait drawn of him is vivid, but is not so convincing as that of Ida, the hard, brilliant daughter-in-law of Julia Banning.

Rivalry includes many penetrating bits of writing and many felicitous phrases. Its chief merit—and it is a merit that richly compensates in any novel for any incidental defects—is that from start to finish the book is alive. The story can hardly be called genial, but it certainly is most interesting; and that is nearly all that matters.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Glory, by Leonie Aminoff. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

GLORY is the seventh book of a historic dozen based on the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Madame Aminoff is the author of the entire series, known as the Torchlight Series of Napoleonic Romances. The present volume of 427 pages takes Napoleon through his coronation in Paris; recounts the visit of the Pope, and ends with the battle of Austerlitz.

The sum of these 427 pages is not, on the whole, very convincing. It is true that one occasionally obtains a rather fleeting impression of the "little Emperor" with his hands at his back and his temper always irascible—save where his wife and son are concerned. One also sees and partly understands the childlike and wondering Josephine who, in spite of her apparent simplicity, was instinctively shrewd in the employment of her feminine charms. But these impressions are transitory and fade as we go through the book. The author has not been able to give her characters very much reality.

Madame Aminoff attempts to paint a vivid picture of the period about which she is writing. In doing so she enters into detailed descriptions of the gowns that her women characters wear, descriptions that might interest dress designers but hardly the casual reader; she explains to the last pin the curtains and furnishings of each room, and all this punctilious picture-work is couched in the most mannered writing which at times borders on flippancy, and at other times is purely sentimental. She writes of Pius VII as the "Pope o' Rome," and refers to the "Land o' Dreams" and to "King Frost" and "Summer Wind." She employs the editorial "we," magnanimously letting the reader in on her story with such phrases as "Napoleon . . . had a poetic conception of life and death and—tinsel aside—an arresting personality. We can't see his enemies' point of view at all," or "We blame Madam more than we do the General," etc.

History often appears an inviting field to the novelist, but it is a perilous field in which bad history may be associated with good fiction or good history drowned in bad fiction. In the latter instance the history might as well have been left undisturbed as such, and not swathed in a blanket of verbiage; which, one feels, is what has happened to it in Glory.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Prehistoric Man, by Keith Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

IT IS a pity that a book containing much useful information should be marred by the constant and undue forcing of the animal theory of early man. We have here the usual anthropoid ancestry (which, by the way, is abandoned by some authorities) and are told that Moustierian man was "only just human." Now this particular early being made excellent implements, showing the possession not only of reason but of the capable hands of an artisan, and from the character of his burials he showed that he believed in a future life. To talk of such a being as "only just human" is to ride a theory to the limit of folly. Again concerning the Taungs skull, the animal to which it belonged was not "a super-ape," but an anthropoid remarkable only because found in a spot where such no longer live, as Sir Arthur Keith pointed out at the time of its discovery. There are differences of opinion not sufficiently dealt with as to the Talgai and Rhodesian skulls also. Incidentally, the theory that the sun spat out the earth as a single great gobbet of molten matter is one we have never met with before. Jeans's view (that most commonly held today) is that a long filament was drawn out of the sun by the passage of a great star, a portion of which became the earth and the remainder the other planets.

Popes and Cardinals in Modern Rome, by Carlo Prati; translated by E. I. Watkins. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.

THIS volume will do much to remove misconceptions regarding the life and regimen of the Vatican. There is also considerable matter that will appear obvious to the well-instructed Catholic, and some anecdote that may strike the reader as gentle to an infantile degree. However, there is compensation in a highly interesting chapter on the cardinals of the Curia, showing what misinterpretations of their character often prevail and describing the real simplicity and devotion that govern their acts in private as well as in public. The sections on Cardinal Matthieu and Cardinal Billot are particularly enlightening.

The Marriage Verdict, by Frank H. Spearman. New York: Grosset and Dunlap. $0.75.

THE issue of a "cheap edition" of Mr. Spearman's The Marriage Verdict is a satisfactory indication of the popular favor with which the book has been received. When one observes that this must be reconciled with the outspokenly religious flavor of the story, one sees that Catholic fiction is certainly not always doomed to be ignored. Mr. Spearman based his narrative upon a "case" of the Pauline privilege, as outlined to him by a well-known priest. It is an animated and in some respects a dramatic story. Nevertheless we shall be quite frank and say that it is not by any means the author's best story, and that it suffers considerably from comparison with Robert Kimberley as a study of life in the United States.

The title page and index for volume V of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume V in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"There should be a culinary geography," remarked Doctor Angelicus, putting down Sophie Kerr Underwood's new book of short stories, Confetti, after reading the Greedy section. "Races should be classified, not according to their color or cheekbones or bow-legs, but according to their stomach capacities. Now, I am convinced that my Swedish friends, who raise their eyes in horror when I confront a substantial cutting of my favorite blackberry pie, are of a different breed than myself, when I register my sensations at seeing them devour their half-dozen meat balls and the variegated cold fish sandwiches with which their hunger is appeased.

"Here in our city, where restaurants, French, German, Scandinavian, Russian, Greek, and Italian shoulder one another, the lesson of these racial divergences comes back to the diners—particularly on the morning after. For the French, I have nothing but compliments and appreciations; for the German pancakes and schnitzels, I need a cool evening and a comfortable old companion; Scandinavian fish can tempt even my Catholic stomach on other evenings than Friday, and the cream sauces on the meats and sweets receive royal homage at my hands; Russian soups, especially their generous bowls of Borscht, have been known to delight me; and the Greek and Syrian pilaffs have a savor that invites me to risk their heavy encounters with my gastric juices. As for Italy, I am a weak brother before the minestrone and the coteleta Parmigiana.

"But when all is said, done and digested, I revert with a natural slope to the dishes of our old Mary—the roast beef and mutton chops, the baked potatoes and colcannon that take on an Olympian flavor under the fingers of our Irish cordon-bleu. Then it is that my stomach functions naturally: the parties are forgotten; race and tradition put me apart from the alien arts of culinary geniuses of Europe, Asia and Africa. I ask for no hot tomales, riñones or deadly Spanish or Mexican dulces. Let nobody object to me that there are no more clams dug at Blue Stone or Little Neck, that the Idaho potatoes come from an earth not quite so distant, that the lobsters for which Sheepshead Bay and the Chesapeake were famous come now by midnight express from Maine. Let us dream of far-away Kennebec, as we savor our salmon; let us ask not in what wilds our venison steaks have been developed, nor where the golden pheasant spread its luscious wings and legs before the paper pantalettes were decked upon them. Days of my youth, so vanished before our cafeterias and automats! Where are the tables d'hôte of yore?"

"May I interrupt you, at this moment, Doctor, to inquire whether you have changed your mind regarding that supper in honor of Brillat-Savarin, about which you were so enthusiastic last month?" There was a bit of irony in the voice of Britannicus, which the Doctor seemed not to notice.

"Ah, you refer to the supper at the Crillon. Yes, it was art such as would have aroused the commendation of the great gastronome himself. The Madeira, the pork rissoles and hot sausages: the pink Burgundy and Chablis; then the Pol Rogers, and the eels with crayfish sauce followed by the Château Cheval Blanc, the salad and the coffee and liqueurs: then the dessert, the cheese, nuts and sugared marrons, the Dry Monopol and the fruits. It was a philosophy, it was a symphony, such as recalled Plato and Pericles: we should have been in white chitons to approach such a board, not in mere black broadcloth. You will see that there is more bearing to these remarks, my dear Britannicus, when you consider the care which Mrs. Underwood devotes to the menus given lav-

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ishly in the pages of her Confetti. That she is a lady of taste as well as palate is well illustrated in her book; that she carries on the Maryland traditions in cooking is also evident, although here and there I detect passages that indicate some study of the Dainty Luncheon Department of the Ladies' Home Journal, as in this compelling outlay of halves of grapefruit, the centres filled with white grapes, flecked over with sugar dissolved in Swedish punch; the noble James River shad baked so slowly that all the smaller bones had been dissolved; the hot beaten biscuit and the 'superb proud lemon pie, all quivering gold below a flaky crust and the rich flavorous meringue above.' Rather gluttonous, I should say, for a man over forty. Then her other evening with canapes of herring roe and Spanish anchovy, real Virginia home-cured ham, boiled, skinned, baked and 'basted with grape vinegar until its façade was a crisp and glistening brown, palest ecru to deepest Van Dyck.' The orgy —for a veritable chop-house orgy it proves to be—continues in an agglomeration of fig compotes, patties of shrimps, lobsters and oysters, grated cucumber, roast duckling, 'cream reclaimed from insipidity [what terrible American heresy is this?] by a dash of bitter almond,' and as we might know was inevitable—'black walnut spice cakes with chocolate icing, and as a final finishing touch, a drop of attar of rose in each cup of steaming black coffee, turning it from a mere drink into an Oriental splendor.'

"Such are the ways of a novelist, full of pictures, adjectives, thrills and idle sentiments, approaching the kitchen shrine, the range, before which all the seven arts save those of the stomach should be put aside, and extraneous and irreverent to a votary of such an altar. Let me have no pictures save the natural glow of the edibles, no music save the hiss of the fire, no choral or rhythmic dancing about the dishes—but just the smiling, healthy service, the plain ritual of the true sibyl of the temple—

"Gone are the homes where we dined before—
On the shoat and cabbage of Baltimore;
The food of today is Italian and Yiddish,
We sigh for the feasts that were Yankee and Biddish—
The tables d'hôte that we knew of yore."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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